

Christian Herald

DECEMBER • 1955

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This month: "CHRISTMAS FEVER," by ANNE WEST
Also E. STANLEY JONES • MARGARET E. SANGSTER

REDUCE KEEP SLIM AT HOME WITH RELAXING, SOOTHING MASSAGE!

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☐ I enclose \$12.98. Send Amazing Deluxe Model.

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all in the family

"Mimi," as Ruth Louise Johnson (*A Candle in the Window*, p. 26) is known for no reason that she knows, to her 4- and 7-year-old grandchildren, is a pianist as well as a writer. Says her husband



is interested in neither music nor writing but patiently endures both. They live in St. Louis, Mo., where she is active in the work of the Altar Guild of St. John's Episcopal Church.

Former school teacher Elizabeth G. Speare (*Lady with Ten Telephones*, p. 31), is a native New Englander and graduate of Boston University. She now lives with her husband and two children—both teenagers—in Wethersfield, Conn., which city boasts one of the oldest churches in New England. Skiing, camping and playing games with her family vie for favorite activities with writing, which has brought her some wonderful new friends.

Twenty-five years a minister's wife, Leona Goldsworthy (*Gift Wrapped*, p. 38), shown here in a boat with her husband and



daughter, lives in Fitchburg, Mass., spends summers in Maine. Daughter Connie is now a senior at Oberlin College. At their house gifts are opened on Christmas morning after breakfast dishes are done, the way her family did when she was a little girl.

January gets the brand-new year off to a spectacular start with an article that will have nation-wide repercussions. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale has chosen CHRISTIAN HERALD as the publication in which to answer his critics, telling why he preaches as he does. Don't miss this sure-to-be-talked-about personal testimony. Also adding to January's sparkle: Faith Baldwin's pace-setting 1956, A.D. And William McDermott's behind-the-scenes story of today's most popular religious painting, *Christ—According to Sallman*. And another delightful Mr. Stickle story. All this and more, plus a bonus section showing you how you can have a better housed, better working church. And for this month, Merry Christmas!



DECEMBER, 1955

Christian Herald

A FAMILY MAGAZINE, independent and interdenominational . . . dedicated to the promotion of evangelical Christianity, church unity, religious and racial understanding, world peace, the solving of the liquor problem, the service of the needy at home and abroad, and to cooperation with all who seek the establishment of a more Christian world.

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VOLUME 78 NUMBER 12

CHRISTIAN HERALD

The One Gift of Enduring Devotion

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in the beloved KING JAMES version

What gift more truly reflects the spirit of Christmas than the Holy Bible? Infinite in its spiritual riches, the Bible conveys a meaningful gift of peace, of brotherly love, of hope and of joy. Its pages are an eternal source of solace, of strength and courage, of resurgent faith for a troubled world. The authorized King James Version, with its majestic cadence and beauty of phrase that have made it a masterpiece of our cultural heritage, is an everlasting treasure for all ages.

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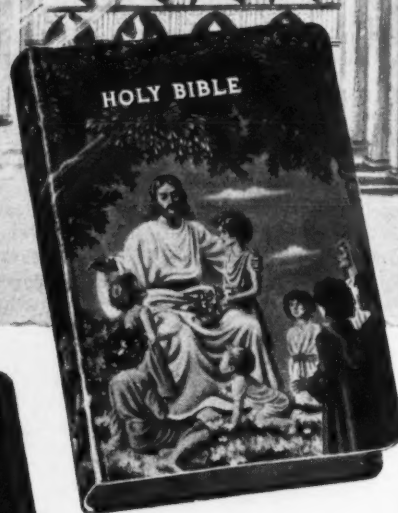
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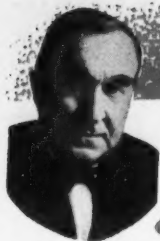


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DOCTOR POLING

Answers Your Questions

Sabbatical Year

● *Do you believe that resting the soil every seventh year, as enjoined in Leviticus, applies now? Is the law binding upon us or would it be just sound agricultural practice?*

INDIANA

(Mrs.) C.S.

The resting of the soil every seventh year is no longer legally binding, but it is sound practice.

Places Jesus Knew

● *Are there any buildings now standing in the Holy Land that are directly associated with the physical presence of Jesus? Any synagogues in which He worshiped or houses in which He may have lived?*

OKLAHOMA

(Mrs.) M.T.

There are, of course, no buildings now standing in the Holy Land that were in existence during the years of Jesus in His physical presence and ministry. There are shrines, monasteries and churches marking places associated with Him. Always, however, I have felt myself closest to Him when I have walked under the moonlit sky by the Jordan and Galilee; when I have visited Jacob's Well which is sanctified by His presence and words. Nazareth, too, has the spring to which Mary, the mother, went and to which she sent her Son. Also in Nazareth, Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and in ancient Capernaum, are foundations and stones that probably were once part of the structures Jesus knew.

Catholic Countries

● *Will you please give me the names of the countries in the world that are officially Roman Catholic.*

INDIANA

R.F.S.

I cannot give the complete and authoritative list, but these are the major nations where the Roman Catholic Church is the state church: Italy, Spain, Portugal, practically all South American countries, and the Philippine Islands. There are, of course, varying degrees of relationships with the Roman Catholic Church. France, for instance, is, by population, overwhelmingly Roman Catholic, but its relations with the Vatican differ decisively from

those of Italy. The same general situation holds with regard to other countries including the Philippine Islands. Of Spain it has been written: "Spain is more Roman Catholic than the Vatican!"

Reply to K. of C. Ads

● *Have you seen the series of advertisements presenting the Protestant position which have been prepared by the National Association of Evangelicals? The first of these, "Strange Tales about Protestants," I like very much. It is, I think, a very effective answer to some of the advertisements prepared by the Knights of Columbus which have been running in publications throughout the country.*

OHIO

J.D.M.

Yes, I know of these advertisements and I have seen "Strange Tales about Protestants." If the entire series is as effective as the first one prepared and released, a signal service will be rendered our Protestant faith and we shall all be greatly indebted to the National Association of Evangelicals. The material is factual, dynamic and in no way an offensive attack on another faith.

The titles of the first ten advertisements prepared by the National Association of Evangelicals are: "Do Protestants Believe in Confession?" "Why Protestants Go to Church," "Was Mary the Mother of God?" "How Many Sacrifices?" "Who Wrote the Bible Anyway?" "To Which Church Did the Apostles Belong?" "Protestantism—Key to Democracy," "Who Is a Christian?" "Faith of our Fathers" and the first title released, "Strange Tales About Protestants."

Tithing Today

● *Our minister insists that the tithe, as enjoined upon Israel in the Old Testament, applies now to all Christians, and that it should be upon gross income, not net. What is your opinion?*

INDIANA

(Mrs.) C.S.

The tithe is no longer legally binding upon the Christian church. But I consider it to be mighty fine practice and I follow it—not as "under the law" but as in the spirit of the New Dis-

pensation. Definitely for the salaried man, the tithe should be on the gross income; for those in business, on net income.

Sheldon Politics

● *Will you please tell me what were the political affiliations of Dr. Charles M. Sheldon who wrote many religious books and who was editor of CHRISTIAN HERALD 1920-1925?*

MASSACHUSETTS

(Miss) M.L.

In politics Charles M. Sheldon was an independent. During the activity of the Prohibition Party, he was a party Prohibitionist and he never departed from those principles.

Long Walk to Bethlehem?

● *Recently I heard a minister say that the hills where the shepherds watched their sheep at the time of the birth of Jesus was 300 miles from Bethlehem. Is that statement true?*

PENNSYLVANIA

(Mrs.) G.S.J.

There is no justification in Scripture or in history for the statement that the shepherds who watched their sheep at the time of the birth of Jesus were located 300 miles from Bethlehem. It is ridiculous, to say the least.

I have traveled to and fro in the Holy Land for a quarter of a century and can assure you that the "Field of the Shepherds" is within a short walking distance of the traditional spot of Jesus' birth.

Translators Unsaved?

● *I have heard that not one of the translators of the "Revised Standard Version" of the Bible is saved. Is this true?*

ILLINOIS

(Mrs.) L. M. J.

Certainly I am not in a position to judge the state of grace of the "translators" of the "Revised Standard Version." But I am equally certain that these men were not hypocrites. I believe them to be Christians. And they did a great and true thing.

Virgin Birth and Immaculate Conception

● *What is the difference between the Protestant doctrine of the Virgin Birth and the Catholic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception?*

VIRGINIA

L. B.

In 1854 the Immaculate Conception was officially proclaimed dogma of the Roman Catholic Church: Namely, the Virgin Mary, though naturally begotten, was "preserved from all stain of original sin from the moment when she was conceived." The Virgin Birth refers to the conception of Jesus by the Holy Ghost rather than by a human father.

An easy, new way to raise hundreds of dollars for your church!

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Each Coupon Book contains: 1 coupon worth 10¢ on the purchase of Pillsbury's Golden Yellow or White Cake Mix; 1 coupon worth 10¢ on the purchase of Pillsbury's Spice or Chocolate Fudge Cake Mix; 1 coupon worth 10¢ on the purchase of Pillsbury's Buttermilk Pancake or Buttermilk Buckwheat Mix; and 1 coupon worth 20¢ on the purchase of a 5 lb. or larger sack of Pillsbury's Best Flour.

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No investment at all is required—except time and willingness to work. You pay only for books after you sell them. And you can return all unsold books to us.

Read these comments from groups which have used this Plan:

"The money helped us a lot. We're rewiring the church, and we used the money as one of the payments on the job."

"I would say we all felt kindly toward this deal. We've had very good success in selling them."

And here is what people say who have purchased Coupon Books:

"Oh, I'll be able to use all the coupons. I never take time to bake a cake any other way—I always use Pillsbury."

"I think the book is a good idea. It's the first time I've ever put any coupons in my purse, and I think it's because they are all in one book."

Here's all you do:

Fill in and mail the coupon below. Figure on selling 10 Coupon Books for each worker in your drive. Your supply of Coupon Books will be mailed promptly, and with it you will receive a leaflet with details on how to set the Plan up most profitably. But act quickly—this offer may be withdrawn at any time, so send the coupon today!

Publisher, Christian Herald
Dept. C, 27 East 39th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Please send us _____ Christian Herald Goodwill Coupon Books. We agree to complete sale of these Books within 60 days after receiving them. No Books will be sold in grocery stores, and only one Book to any one family. We will return all unsold Books and will refund to the Christian Herald 25¢ for each Book sold.

(signed) _____
(Officer of church group)

(Group name and address)

(City)

(State)

LETTER FROM A LEPER COUPLE

"Dear Friends:

"This is the first time that we communicate with you. We can assure you that it is the great suffering of our lives that is forcing us to write this letter. It has been a few years since we became ill with this horrible disease of leprosy and we have been on this rocky isolated island of Spinaloga, the leper colony on the island of Crete. Leprosy, unfortunately, attacked the limbs of our bodies and especially our eyes. We need to undergo surgery, but we do not have the necessary money. We want to buy some instruments so that we may be able to walk and to move around a little bit, but we cannot do that either. For two solid years now we have been lying in bed without being able to move. On top of all these great trials of our illness, misfortune struck another hard blow at us, and that is that our little home in the town of Volos where our eight children used to live has been completely destroyed by the recent earthquakes. We lost everything we had, and so now our eight children are in the streets exposed to the elements of nature. Poverty and suffering are their constant companions, and we, their parents, are unable to offer them anything or even to see them because we are in this far-away leper colony. This is why we ask you to help us as much as you can so that we may be able to rescue our children from certain death. Whatever you do for us the Lord will give it back to you a thousandfold.

"My dear brothers and sisters, the cross that we bear is very heavy indeed. I am without any feet and almost without eyes and now the home of our children has been destroyed. Life has become unbearable. This leper colony is certainly indebted for what you have done for it and may God bless you. Won't you do something now for us and our children? My wife and I close this letter expecting a favorable reply from you. Please help us before it is too late."

Leper John Sfingourakis

Note: Nothing need be said concerning the above pathetic appeal. The Lord Jesus had a special interest in the lepers. Won't you do the same?

Please send your contributions for these lepers and others like them to: American Mission to Greeks, Inc., Rev. Spiros Zodihiates, General Secretary, Dept. H, P.O. Box 423, New York 36, N. Y. Our Canadian friends are invited to write to: 90 Duplex Ave., Toronto 7, Ontario.



MITCHELL HOOKS

It Was Christmas Eve

By DELBERT G. LEAN

I HAD to take the train in Chicago for my homeward trip to San Francisco. It was the Christmas season. Schools and colleges had been closing for the holiday vacation, and, all day, the incoming trains had been pouring thousands of eager, excited, and hurrying people into the great Union Station. The outgoing trains had been carrying other thousands away. Long lines impatiently waited at the ticket windows and the closed gates leading to the trains. People were rushing to and fro, porters carrying baggage were scurrying through the crowds, and the huge station was jammed and packed.

I had arrived in plenty of time and looked forward to two whole days of restful travel across the country. I, myself, was in no hurry and proceeded to enjoy the spectacle. In some ways, the place resembled a madhouse, yet, if it were, the inmates seemed to be in a jovial mood. They were all excited and gay.

When the gates to our train were finally opened, men, women, and children surged forward, loaded down with bags, packages and parcels of all descriptions and sizes. In spite of myself, I was carried along by the rush. Everyone seemed fearful that the train would pull out before he was on. When I finally found my seat, there were still 20 minutes before the train was due to leave. I proceeded to scrutinize my surroundings and observe some of my traveling companions.

What a comfortable feeling came over me! Here I was, only two minutes away from the frantic turmoil and hubbub of the station, and with two whole days of leisure and delightful travel

ahead of me. No telephone! Nothing to do but enjoy the trip, and with the pleasant anticipation of reaching home and loved ones on the night before Christmas. Even Ebenezer Scrooge might have mellowed in such a happy situation.

A noticeable quiet settled down upon the passengers, after the bags and parcels had been stowed away and the train had begun to pick up speed for its long trip across the country. Of course, they weren't all going across the country. The cars were partially emptied and refilled at every station where a stop was made. A gay crowd would get off and a gay crowd would take their places.

IT was the most interesting thing to watch the recurring spectacle, as the train slowly pulled into each station, past the great throngs of people eagerly scanning windows and doors to catch the first glimpse of a loved one. Then, when the train finally stopped, fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, sons and daughters, friends and sweethearts rushed into each other's arms in happy embrace, while those of us who looked on thought of a similar welcome that awaited each one of us. What a season Christmas is and what joy it brings to the world! That same happy pageant presented itself at every stop all the way across the country. The spirit of Christmas was in our hearts.

Those of us who were making the long trip became acquainted, exchanged pleasantries, and responded to the genial atmosphere of the occasion.

(Continued on page 64)

ALL 4 ONLY \$3

WITH MEMBERSHIP IN CHRISTIAN HERALD'S

Family Bookshelf

\$13.70 **Outstanding Offer!** **\$3.00**
VALUE! **ONLY**
WITH MEMBERSHIP

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Christian Herald's Family Bookshelf is making this unprecedented offer so that you may know that good books, decent books, books fit for your whole family are still being published. Present members know that Christian Herald's Family Bookshelf means exactly what it says — is truly a book club you can trust!

When you join Christian Herald's Family Bookshelf you'll receive the club's preview of each monthly selection. It is not necessary to buy a book every month — only four during the year to retain membership. By joining this successful crusade for decency in fiction you receive the best books available at regular retail prices, but never more than \$3, and always books you can safely welcome into your home. With every two books you buy we will send you another free bonus book worth up to \$5.00. Thus, you as a member of Christian Herald's Family Bookshelf will save nearly 50 per cent on the books you receive. Send no money — we'll bill you when we ship your books.

ALL THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE by Edith Deen. Here is new and abundant material for everyone — the reader — the teacher — the preacher — the Bible student. As Dr. Poling says: "Never has there been anything like this before. In **ALL THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE** there are 300 concise biographies, 52 searching studies and 64 women who stand in the foreground — Mary, the mother of Jesus; Eve, the mother of the race; Queen Esther and the Queen of Sheba. Over 100 shorter sketches constitute a high drop background, and another 100 lift before our eyes the nameless women of the Bible. Here is a monumental work, unique and, I think, imperative for the library of every Christian home."

Regular Price \$4.95

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I REMEMBER



Conducted by RACHEL HARTMAN

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For he calls Himself a lamb.
He is meek and He is mild
He became a little child—
I a child and thou a lamb.
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

—WILLIAM BLAKE

From Mary E. Wood, Roanoke, Va.



WHEN we give to each other
our Christmas presents,
let us give them in His name.
Let us remember that He has
given us the sun and the stars,
the earth with its forests and
mountains and oceans and all
that lives and moves upon
them. He has given us all green
things and everything that blossoms
and bears fruit—and all
that we quarrel about and all
that we have misused. And to
save us from our own foolishness
and from all our sins, He
came down to Earth and gave
Himself.—Author Unknown.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER

Now I lay me down to rest,
Angels, guard my little nest;
Like the wee birds in a tree,
Heavenly Father, care for me.
Glad and well may I awake,
This I ask for Jesus' sake.
From Mrs. L. J. Wilkinson,
Maxville, Florida



MORNING

Ere thou risest from thy bed
Speak to God, whose wings were spread
O'er thee through the helpless night;
Lo, He wakes thee now with light!
Lift thy burden and thy care
In the mighty arms of prayer.

—Author Unknown

From Mrs. Wm. Kapp, Abilene, Kansas

Life's pathway is dreary
Quite thorny each mile—
But you'll find it more fun,
If you learn how to smile.
Let a smile be your passport;
It's a sign you can trust;
In facing life's problems,
A smile is a must.
So smile all the while,
When you win, when you lose—
A smile goes a long way
In chasing the blues.
It's contagious and catching
As sure as the flu;
You smile at me, and
I'll smile at you.

Author Unknown

From Hazel M. Howser, Muncie, Indiana

NO ROOM for Him at the inn?

But was it not better so?
The little town was crowded,
And who would want to go
At the time of a great enrollment
To a tumultuous inn,
Where all the space was taken
And there was no room within?

Village folk were humble
In ancient Bethlehem.
They lived with their flocks so closely
That they were at home with them.
Perhaps some good wife whispered,
"Come home to the stable with me."
And Mary and Joseph accepted
Her kind hospitality.

Simply a small cave-room,
A shelter from the night,
Warmed by the sheep and oxen—
And there was no need of light.
A dusty chink above them
Let through a star's clear ray,
And the little Babe in the manger
Slept in bright glints of hay.

—MARY HOUGH

From Mrs. Vincent C. Harris, Etna, N.H.



IT'S GOOD to have money and
the things money can buy.
But it's good, too, to check up
once in a while and make sure
you haven't lost the things
money can't buy.

—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

From Mrs. L. E. Fox, Crisp, Mo.

What is your favorite quotation or bit of verse? Include source and author and your own name. Sorry, no items acknowledged or returned, and no original matter used.

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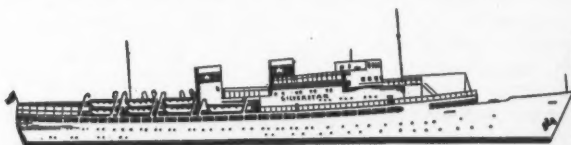


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INTERPRETS



THE NEWS

• AT HOME •

THE PRESIDENT: Is there nothing for us beyond the crass political implications of the President's state of health? Is there nothing beyond sudden Republican pessimism and sudden Democratic optimism? What "moral" to the story is there for the vast majority of Americans who are more concerned about the pumping power of the President's heart than the pulling power of his coattails? The "moral" is this, in the rebuking, realistic words of an old hymn: "The arm of flesh will fail you; ye dare not trust your own." Most of us—and since Geneva, most nations, including Russia—have been leaning too heavily upon a perishable person and not heavily enough upon the imperishable principles that motivated him. We have focused on the idol instead of the ideal. We have naively delegated one man to do at the summit what we could not do at the grass roots. President Eisenhower himself has said—now he has dramatized it eloquently—that the doctrine of the indispensable man is a fragile foundation upon which to construct stability. However lofty any man's aims, however dedicated his energy, he is nevertheless subject to the ills and mechanical breakdowns to which humankind is heir. When we pin our hopes upon a man—any man—inevitably we will find ourselves to be without hope.

SIDE EFFECTS: Dwight Eisenhower the individual, is ill, and he is working at getting well. That is the foremost consideration. But because he happens also to be President of the United States, his illness affects a great many other individuals and groups beyond his immediate family. The side effects are far-ranging—not only because the President's day-to-day leadership has been impaired, but because he is almost surely out of the running for a second term. Who and what are hit by the side effects?

The Russians: They counted on their contacts with Mr. Eisenhower, carefully developed at Geneva, to be a door-opener for future negotiation and conversation. Now it looks as if they'll have to get acquainted with somebody else, start again from scratch.

The Republicans: Considering the

election in the bag, they didn't work hard at the job of finding or developing alternative candidates. Their big question now, "Who, other than Eisenhower, can win?"

The Democrats: They were set to campaign against President Eisenhower personally, blame him for failures of his associates. That would now be considered in bad taste, is off. Fact that Democratic nomination becomes a prize to be sought instead of a thankless burden to be ducked means for-keeps conflict among at least three strong aspirants.

Mr. Nixon: He could be the next President; his unprecedented training under Ike qualifies him; he has proved his capacity to grow. But is he liked well enough by king-making politicians?—that's the question. With Ike's endorsement, he'll get the nomination. Without it—?

Mr. Warren: An opinion poll showed he could beat Adlai Stevenson. (Same poll, same time, said Nixon couldn't.) Warren follows in the Horatio Alger tradition; his father was a railroad-car repairman, Earl had no silver platter route to prominence. Appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court two years ago, Mr. Warren likes his job, doesn't want to give it up. Mr. Eisenhower could change his mind.

Mr. Stevenson: His chances of winning enhanced, he will try harder to be nominated, but now against stiffer competition in his Democratic party. He will have to compete successfully with Senator Kefauver in state primaries. Having killed off Kefauver, he'll have to tackle Governor Harriman of New York, popular with labor and machine politicians.

Congress: On the Republican side, it's every man for himself—no coattails available. That will make it harder for President Eisenhower to get his policies legislated in the interim. Tax cuts, increased farm support, something-for-everybody will get Republican attention, the Administration's budget-balancing goal to the contrary notwithstanding.

VICE PRESIDENT: The U. S. elects Presidents, gives short-shrift attention to the second place on the national ticket. Present events are forcing some rethinking at this point. Whatever

one's feeling about any particular Vice President, past or present, it is dawning on folks that an incredible gulf is fixed between the way a Presidential nominee is chosen and the way a Vice-Presidential nominee is chosen. The latter is seldom named because he is the next-best man available. He means no more to the electorate than the "best" man does to a bride. He is chosen because he helps to "round out" the ticket geographically or factionally or for some other reason of partisanship or appeasement. The "important" business of nominating the President is got out of the way, then the "unimportant" business of selecting his running mate is dispatched perfunctorily, as if there were no chance in the world that Number Two might ever find himself Number One.

But sometimes the unexpected occurs. Sometimes, the Vice President is forced by unpleasant circumstances to step upward. When that has happened in the past, he has usually made a passingly good showing. Certainly if the vice-presidency continues to get the attention from future administrations that it has had from the present Administration, the incumbent will be decently prepared for the contingency of sudden promotion. Even so, and in part because of this, the second man on the ticket can't be a little leaguer while the first man is a big leaguer. It is good actuarial sense to give as much thought and statesmanship to the selection of one nominee as to the selection of the other.

JURY TAP: The planting of a hidden microphone in jury rooms of the Wichita, Kansas, Federal Court created a national furor. Harry Kalven, University of Chicago law professor, directed the research group that electronically eavesdropped on jury deliberations as a part of a study of the U.S. jury system, the Ford Foundation footing the bills. Senator James O. Eastland (D., Miss.) chairman of the Senate subcommittee that happened onto the incident, assured Professor Kalven, "I'll guarantee you that you're not going to do any more 'bugging.'" Cheers to Senator Eastland! A jury anywhere at any time must feel free to deliberate without threat of reprisals. If somebody is listening in, or could be listening in if he had a "research" program going, the jury system as we know it would fall to pieces. To say the least, the Ford Foundation (and its Fund for The Republic which has hired Earl Browder to turn out a history of Communism in the United States), gets into some mighty peculiar projects!

Of course, there's this sparkling facet, too: probably a lot of juries would feel not only intimidated by tapping, but downright embarrassed.

What passes for deliberations, as anyone who has served on a jury knows, is sometimes weird and wonderful.

COURIER'S CUES: Good business will last at least through 1956. After that, not so sure. . . . Remember when 60 million "full-employment" was strictly a gleam in Henry Wallace's eye? Now the actual figure is over 65 million. . . . Fourteen generals have been brought quietly into the office of Japanese Defense Chief Sunada as advisers—start of a new militarism?

One of the pressures being tossed at Eisenhower: if he's physically able to finish out his term (it has more than a year to go), why can't he take on four more years? . . . No end of new weapons—latest "ultimate" being planned would be capable of hitting target 5000 miles away with a hydrogen bomb. . . . The Eisenhower illness brought stock prices down about 10 per cent; another 5 per cent drop would begin to cause official worry. . . . Russia has 300 submarines; Germany had 65 when World War II began. . . . American Friends Service Committee reports that Washington, D.C., once segregated to hilt, has achieved a "new look" in race relations in four years. . . . C.I.O. president Walter P. Reuther foresees a four-day work week by 1965.

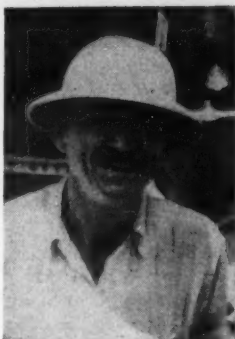
And on December 25, we are reminded that all the years, not only our own, have had their hopes and fears.

• ABROAD •

FRANCE: Premier Edgar Faure yanked his French delegation from the UN General Assembly to protest the UN's decision to "meddle" in the Algerian problem. But perhaps Mr. Faure could thank the UN's meddling for keeping him in office, at least temporarily. The action roused such French indignation that, for a while, everybody was for the Premier. The unprecedented unanimity prevailed long enough to save his government by a healthy vote of 308 to 254. Two weeks before, reforms for Morocco were favored by the French Assembly—more concessions to the nationalists, more self-government. Algeria was a horse of another color. France has been committed to the baffling theory that Algeria is fully integrated with the homeland, that Algeria is in fact a part of France, though separated by the width of the Mediterranean. Actually, Algerian Moslems were not "integrated."

Premier Faure called for progressive reforms for Algeria that would lead to eventual autonomy. His countrymen were aghast. Then the UN moved in, and Faure withdrew his delegation.

DECEMBER 1955



MISSIONARIES FREED FROM RED CHINA: Released under recent Geneva agreement are the Rev. Levi A. Lovegren, Cherry Grove, Ore., Conservative Baptist, after five years imprisonment, Dorothy May Middleton, left, of Iowa, and Sarah Lee Perkins, Tennille, Ga. They are both nurses; Miss Middleton for the Mission to Lepers of Cicero (Ill.) Bible Church, Miss Perkins for Presbyterian (USA) Board of Foreign Missions. They were arrested for "conducting sabotage," 1951.

This rallied most of the French parties behind him as he continued to press for Algerian reform. Six times the Assembly voted, six times Mr. Faure failed to get a mandate. Finally he called for a vote of confidence—and won. But by now the time was late.

INDONESIA: The anti-Communists were supposed to capture the election—and didn't. The Nationalist party, with a record of close collaboration with the Communists, came in ahead. A Moslem party was second, and the Reds themselves were third. That gives the Communists a working total of some 12 million, the anti-Communists five million, the uncertain, five million. Some diplomats are anticipating the loss of Indonesia within five years.

Meanwhile, Indonesia is still at odds with the Netherlands, from which she gained her independence six years ago. Foremost issue is New Guinea, the world's second largest island. Indonesia claims the western half. There is still a billion dollars' worth of Dutch money in Indonesia. To safeguard their money, the Dutch may have to talk about New Guinea, whether they want to or not.

BRITAIN, TOO: The British are giving attention to colonial sore spots. They sent home from his enforced two-year exile King Edward Frederick Mutesa, who wears the impressive title, Wabaka of Buganda. Queen Demali, who had sworn to speak no English during his absence, was at the airport to greet him. So was Sir Andrew Cohen, British Governor of Uganda. So overjoyed were his subjects, that three of them tried to commit suicide under the wheels of the royal limousine—what price elation! The King had been given the cooling-off period for trying to make Buganda an independent country instead of just a part of the British

colony of Uganda. Now he's elevated to constitutional monarch, presumably easier for the British to handle, and at any event, happier.

And off the East African coast is the island of Zanzibar. Chances are that the cloves on your spice shelf came from here. A British protectorate since 1890, with the same Sultan ruling since 1911, it is getting a bigger voice in its own government.

And in the UN, Yemen claimed that the colony of Aden (British since 1839) rightfully belonged to it; Argentina applied for the Falkland Islands; and Guatemala claimed British Honduras (Mexico quickly announced that if the latter was to be carved up, she wanted a slice). But Britain was not yet ready to let the neighbors walk away with the furniture and linens.

ISRAEL-EGYPT: A balance of military power, with Israel and the Arab states equally strong, could result in one kind of peace. But it would be an armed peace, one side trying to outdo the other, and the outdone trying to outdo the undoing. There's no secure future in that. The trouble is simply that an undeclared war is still in progress and that a peace has been neither signed nor encouraged. Ahmad el-Shukairy of Syria stated the Arab case when he said, "The fact remains and will remain that Israel as a state has no room in our lands." Abba Eban, Ambassador of Israel to the United States, forcefully but indirectly stated the case for his country when he said on "Meet the Press"—"Can anybody assume Israel would be prepared to sit by and simply wait like a rabbit for the snake to get big enough to devour it?" How more basically incompatible can you get?

War will never solve this one—even if one side or the other were beaten to the ground. This is a matter of clashing wills, of highly charged emo-

tion, of religious fervor. Does not the same religious fervor have anything to say on the side of reconciliation?

MOLOTOV: He was the last of the old-guard Bolsheviks, and now it looks as if he is on his way out. They got him on a technicality, wrung from him a public "apology" in the magazine *Kommunist*. Insiders say that Molotov was simply out of step with Communism's new look. Tough and unyielding, it was hard for him to adjust to Mr. Khrushchev's policy of what has been called "smiling opportunism." An editorial in *Kommunist* accompanying Mr. Molotov's letter of confession frankly stated that "enormous Soviet successes" had stemmed from the "flexibility" of foreign policy. And Mr. Molotov wasn't flexible. He was out to lick the world and he didn't care who knew it. So is the Khrushchev camp, but they prefer to take the tack that cutting-your-throat-can-be-fun, and they don't propose that any habitual frowner shall scare off the customers.

"THE GENEVA SPIRIT": You've caught on by now that "the Geneva spirit" is a protecting deity to be invoked when the West treads on the toes of the East, but not when the East knocks the stuffing out of the West. For example. In a speech at Miami, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles predicted a rollback of Soviet power in Eastern Europe. *Pravda* immediately let out a loud editorial yelp. It was a "contradiction of the Geneva spirit." *Pravda* then went on to say that "socialism has come irrevocably to stay in Europe and Eastern Germany." And that it will not be socialism that will be rolled back in Europe, but capitalism. These blasts, of course, were not contradictions of the Geneva spirit!

● CHURCH NEWS ●

HEARINGS: If the Senate's Constitutional Rights subcommittee stirred up controversy by its declaration of intention to hear testimony of infringements

on the freedom of religion, it stirred up even more controversy by canceling its hearings. The announced reason: It had obtained all the information it needed through questionnaires. The real reason: Testimony scheduled to be offered was too hot to handle. Speeches on everything from an ambassador to the Vatican, to public funds for bus transportation of parochial school pupils, were in the making. Chairman Thomas C. Hennings, Jr. (D-Mo.) and his committee shuddered at being parties to these or other topics that would most assuredly stir up the country. Religion is, apparently, the one subject in the world which our faith does not give us sufficient grace to discuss.

RSV: Dr. Luther A. Weigle, chairman of the committee of 32 Protestant scholars that labored 15 years to produce a Bible in the language of today, observed the third anniversary of the Revised Standard Version publication by expressing opposition to use by churches of both old and new versions. Use of the King James version as well as the RSV, he said, "would separate pulpit and pew, worship and life." The practice, he pointed out, "would prevent the newer version from acquiring those associations in worship which are indispensable to its full meaning for the lives of those who read it."

Personally, we don't think that the people who plain don't like the new version (and there are some) are going to like it any better because of Dr. Weigle's sincere eager-beaverism in its behalf. In three years the RSV has sold 3,600,000 complete copies, in addition to the New Testament and children's Bibles. That's not a bad record in anybody's league. Why not let it go at that? In our opinion, it will take a lot more than King James verbiage (or RSV, for that matter) to separate pulpit and pew—unless one or the other is crammed down a congregation's consciousness against their will.

RIOTS: American attention was slow



REFUGEE MINISTER: The Rev. and Mrs. Johannes Wessel and their nine children arrive from Germany under the auspices of Baptist World Alliance and Church World Service. According to CWS, they are largest single family to enter U.S. under 1953 Refugee Relief Act. Mr. Wessel, Baptist, said he had been arrested 20 times by Soviet police.

RNS

BIBLE READINGS: The American Bible Society is conducting its twelfth annual daily Bible Reading campaign, from Thanksgiving to Christmas. Bible reading hints: (1) Set apart a definite time each day for reading your Bible. (2) Read in company with someone else. (3) Read thoughtfully—"not snapshots but time exposures." (4) Seek a personal message and be ready to respond to it. (5) Reread verses which strike fire—copy out a verse which seems to speak directly to you and carry it with you for reference.

These are the readings that thousands of Americans will be studying:

NOVEMBER

24 Thanksgiving Psalms 23:1-6
25 Psalms 46:1-11
26 Psalms 100:1-5
27 Sunday Matthew 5:1-26
28 Matthew 5:27-48
29 Matthew 6:1-15
30 Matthew 6:16-34

DECEMBER

1 Matthew 7:1-29
2 Matthew 18:1-14
3 Matthew 18:15-35
4 Sunday Matthew 22:1-22
5 Matthew 25:1-30
6 Matthew 25:31-46
7 Mark 12:18-44
8 Luke 7:31-50
9 Luke 14:1-14
10 Luke 14:15-35
11 Universal Bible Sunday
 I Corinthians 13:1-13
12 Luke 10:25-42
13 Luke 15:1-10
14 Luke 15:11-32
15 John 3:1-17
16 John 14:1-14
17 John 14:15-31
18 Sunday Romans 8:14-39
19 Romans 12:1-21
20 I John 4:1-21
21 Isaiah 9:2-7
22 Isaiah 11:1-9
23 Isaiah 53:1-12
24 John 1:1-18
25 Christmas Matthew 2:1-11

in focusing upon anti-Greek riots in Turkey. Reason for the riots (if such ever have a "reason") was agitation on Cyprus in behalf of turning that island over to Greece. Because the Greek Orthodox Church was in the thick of the agitation, and because Turkey also has claims upon Cyprus, mainland Turks vented their spleen on Greek Orthodox churches in and near Istanbul. The damage was appalling, according to Raymond E. Maxwell, secretary for Orthodox churches of the World Council of Churches. He reports that more than 60 out of a total of 80 Orthodox churches in the area were either destroyed or their interiors so badly ruined as to render them com-

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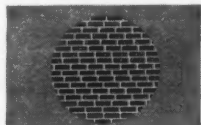
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pletely unusable. He estimated the value of destroyed property at more than \$100,000,000. Dr. W. A. Visser 't Hooft, general secretary of the World Council calls it "one of the worst calamities that has befallen any Christian Church in our time."

What does Turkey propose to do about making reparations?

PENDULUM: Major General Eduardo Lonardi, head of the provisional government of Argentina, has restored State subsidies to Roman Catholic schools, put back on the calendar five religious holidays that Mr. Peron removed, again exempted religious property from taxation, etc. In the western province of Mendoza, the federal commissioner ordered the crucifix restored in all public offices. The scheduled national referendum on ending the status of the Roman Catholic Church as the state religion probably will never be held. President Lonardi has swung the pendulum back to center—and beyond. Said he: "I would feel very happy if Providence would give me the opportunity of putting an end to all misunderstandings through the conclusion of a concordat."

Does anyone suppose that "Providence" will not?

IN BRIEF: In January Rep. Louis C. Rabaut plans to push his bill to introduce a stamp cancellation bearing the words, "Pray for Peace."

Evangelist Billy Graham observed that converts in his Toronto campaign belong to an older age group than those in any other city in which he has held meetings; and that 65 per cent of those who made decisions were already connected with a church in some way. Dr. Graham will visit India in early 1956.

Miss Hazel M. Tinkham of Belmont, N. H., is first woman named to head the state's United Baptist Convention. . . . Membership in the Disciples of Christ increased by nearly 140,000 during its 1953-54 "Year of Evangelism." . . . Three planes of the Presbyterian, U.S.A., Mission played a major role in bringing relief to flood-stricken Yucatan peninsula. They evacuated 1300 persons from Ciudad Chetumal, where only 40 homes out of 1500 were left standing. . . . Membership in the United Church of Canada has increased by nearly 50 per cent since its formation in 1925 through a merger of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational churches. . . . The Southern Baptist Foreign Mission Board has adopted the largest budget in its 110-year history—\$7,501,081.

Membership of the present 30 constituent denominations of the National Council of Churches totals 35,874,601. . . . The United Lutheran Church in

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Christian Herald's Chaplain Fund

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America will enter 65 new mission fields in the U.S. and Canada this year. . . . Dr. Oswald Hoffman, public relations director of The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, is new speaker for "The Lutheran Hour." . . . Scripture Press broke ground for a \$1,000,000 editorial office in Wheaton, Ill.

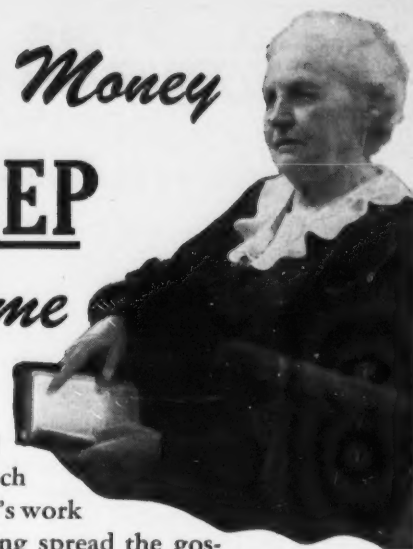
• TEMPERANCE •

MODERATION MENACE: Drs. Gunnar Holmberg and Sten Martens of Sweden point out that people who are not habitual drunks but who now and then take a drink "in excess" are likely to be in worse shape for a longer period than the alcoholic. They thereby conclude that the slowed-down-but-not-drunk driver may cause more accidents than the out-and-out drunk driver. Two groups were tested—10 men who were in the hospital for alcoholism, and 10 hospital attendants who were not alcoholics and little experienced with "excess" drinking. Each received an equal amount of potent "Aquavit," and was required to down it in six minutes. Then brain waves, blood alcohol concentration and muscular co-ordination were measured. The alcoholics came off on top. They could co-ordinate better, sober up sooner. Another rebuttal to the "cult of moderation."

BARs vs. CHURCHES: The Methodist Board of Temperance reports that there are now 141,733 more bars, cocktail lounges and liquor stores in the United States than churches, synagogues and temples of all religious groups. As of June 30 there were 277,466 retail liquor and 164,323 retail beer dealers holding federal licenses—a total of 441,789 establishments dispensing alcoholic beverages. At the same time, there were 300,056 houses of worship in the country.

BOOTLEGGERS: Licensed Beverages Industries, Inc., the distillers' trade association, added up the number of stills destroyed by government agents. With this as a basis—they reckon one undetected still in operation for each destroyed—they say that about 72 million gallons of "illegal" liquor was produced last year against 178 million gallons of "legal" liquor. In other words, more than one-fourth of all liquor produced last year was illegitimate. This, in contradiction of the fact that Repeal was supposed to do away with moonshiners. LBI's answer is that twenty years ago the tax on whiskey was \$1.10 a gallon, and today it's \$10.50—therefore bootlegging is more economically worthwhile today. Their solution is to cut the tax (incidentally increasing the sale of the "legal" product!).

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THE SALVATION ARMY

Editorially Speaking...

● PROTEST TO PUBLISHERS

DR. HALL'S open letter to "Offending Publishers" speaks for itself. In its own right it is a smashing and, to me—as I believe it will be to all CHRISTIAN HERALD readers—a timely, compelling article. But it is more than Dr. Hall's open letter. Through Dr. Hall, executive editor of this journal, CHRISTIAN HERALD speaks. The open letter was written after repeated editorial conferences. It was written, too, after we had waited and hoped for a bettering of the publishing situation that reaches now its offensive climax.

This open letter is a protest against indecent literature, but equally it is a protest in the interests of free publishing in the United States. Inevitably such publishing offenses as those to which Dr. Hall refers, will weaken the united front against political censorship. Surely publishers themselves should be able to impose their own "code" of sound morals and good taste.

● FRIENDS OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY

RECENTLY I was given another opportunity to sign a resolution—sign on the dotted line—as indicated by certain gentlemen who have written other resolutions pointing decisively left. This particular document as released, carried 360 names—citizens who joined the Communist Party's appeal to the Supreme Court against the Subversive Activities Control Board. I am absolutely sure that the great majority of these 360 had not the slightest idea of what they were getting themselves into. How then could they have fallen for the old betrayal? Definitely they have little if any excuse for their "fall."

This appeal of the 360 comes very properly in the wake of the appeal of the *Daily Worker's* managing editor, Alan Mix. Mix wrote: "These next months are crucial. The Communist Party's challenge of this law is in their interest and they should join." He refers to voters and organizations already on record against the S.A.C.B.

As to previous protests, Mix is both correct and incorrect. There were such protests when the law was passed by Congress over President Truman's veto. But there have been few protests of any responsible character against the careful and responsible operation of the law under Presidents Truman and Eisenhower.

Right now the 360 who announce themselves as "Friends of the Court," are following the old Red line of double-talk, misrepresentation and subtle subversion. Those who mean well simply have no excuse for not doing better than this. As Roscoe Drummond, former editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* and columnist of patriotic distinction, has remarked, "These petitioners asked to be classed under the honorable legal title of 'Friends of the Court.' But by their actions, wittingly and unwittingly, they are serving the interests of the Communist Party."

Not "Friends of the Court" but "Friends of the Communist Party."

● AN AMERICAN FOUNDATION

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the Rockefeller Foundation is one of the most significant social documents of the year. As no other foundation or agency, this foundation has promoted science and advanced scientific knowledge, not only in America and in the Western Hemisphere but throughout the world.

The present report points strongly to medicine and health. Considerably more than \$5,000,000 was earmarked for education in the field of medicine. Indeed, this was the largest appropriation for the year. How timely the appropriation was, is, I am sure, apparent to all who are acquainted with the community health situation in this country. The need for physicians and nurses is imperative, and that need grows.

With rare discernment, the discernment that is characteristic of the Rockefeller Foundation, the present report makes clear the intimate relations that exist and should exist between science and society itself. Dean Rusk struck this same high note, which is at once sociological and humanitarian, when, in speaking of the large appropriation made for the natural sciences and agriculture, he said: "Man has a long way to go before he can blame hunger upon nature rather than upon himself."

Let one thing be added—the Rockefeller Foundation has informed Congress that it would support legislation requiring full public reports on tax-exempt foundations. Giving the reason for the recommendation, President Rusk made this comment, as publicly reported: "Because it supports the legitimate use of private resources for public purposes and believes that full disclosure is an important guarantee that the privileges accorded philanthropy *will not be abused.*" Underscore that!

● EACH TO HIS OWN MINISTRY

IN A sermon preached by the President's pastor, Dr. Edward L. R. Elson, minister of the National Presbyterian Church, "Reality or Cynicism in our Religious Climate," I find the following, which refers to Dr. Norman Vincent Peale: "His books are intended to accent . . . a single aspect of the Gospel—namely the therapeutic—but the heart of a man and the core of his faith are revealed when he deals with personal need. When you look at Dr. Peale in his counseling, he seems to meet men's sins and failures head-on and to offer a prescription offered by the Divine Physician: repentance, restitution, moral renewal, and enduring faith."

Daniel A. Poling
EDITOR OF CHRISTIAN HERALD

Is It Enough to Put Christ Back into Christmas?

By E. STANLEY JONES

THE MOVEMENT "to put Christ back into Christmas" was long overdue. The commercialization of Christmas has become nothing less than a scandal. People who care nothing about Christ personally use Him for their own selfish purposes. There is a very close kinship to the scene where at the crucifixion the soldiers were throwing dice on His seamless robe to see who would get it—commercializing on redemption.

The commercializing has become so all-pervading that a woman could say as she looked into a store window at Christmas time and saw a replica of a church: "Well, of all things—the church is horning in on Christmas!"

It's time a reaction set in. But if the reaction is real, then we must put not Christ back into Christmas, but Jesus.

Is there a distinction here? Yes, and a very real one with very real consequences.

A Hindu said to me one day: "We Hindus are all interested in the universal Christ."

"Not in the historic Jesus?" I asked.

He slowly shook his head and said: "No, we are interested in the universal Christ."

(Continued on page 36)



Look Ye to the

The fields near Bethlehem were aglow that night, and the starshine of love and wonder reached all the way to a humble shepherd's cottage

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE hillside was wind-swept, a place of shadows superimposed on shadows, as the shepherds settled down to their just-before-midnight meal. They were talking idly, and yet intimately, as men do when they're cold and tired and lonely. Only young Simeon sat apart, his knees hunched under his chin. Lemuel, the self-appointed leader of the group, gruff, middle-aged, hard-bitten, made a gesture toward him.

"New husbands!" he chuckled. "Always worrying about their wives when the time of birth approaches! I was that way in the beginning, but now that there are ten—" He raised his voice. "Simeon," he called, "come over here and eat with us—fasting won't make it easier for her."

"I didn't bring any supper with me tonight, Lemuel," Simeon said, "I forgot it."

Jethro, the oldest shepherd, said, "You can share mine, son."

Simeon caught at a word. "Son?" he queried eagerly. "Do you think it will be a son? A man-child for the first—it's always best, to my mind—but Ruth wants a daughter. Every man desires a son for his first-born—that's what I tell her. And yet—" his voice softened—"and yet a baby girl, with Ruth's hair and

ILLUSTRATOR: CHARLES ZINGARO



East





Children Around a Crèche

THE little crèche could let them see

The place of the Nativity,

So that they knelt where shepherds knelt

And felt the very things they felt,

Hardly daring to raise their eyes,

Dazzled by glory in the skies,

And yet assured that in the hay

The gentle little Saviour lay.

His mother's face was one they knew

And they knew the gentle Joseph, too,

And the sheep, the cows, the cooing dove

Were things their hands could touch with love—

Oh, it was wonderful to know

That they could dream by a crèche and go

Across the world to Bethlehem

To spend a Christmas night with them!

—Anobel Armour

eyes . . . her eyes are as blue as—

Lemuel interrupted. "You're no longer a bridegroom, Simeon," he said, "and when a woman forgets her husband's supper on a night like this—"

Quickly Simeon sprang to his wife's defense. "I doubt not," he said, "that it's lying on the table—a better supper than any of you men have, too. It was I who forgot—not Ruth." He hesitated. "While you're eating," he said at last, "I believe I'll run down to the valley and see how she's getting along."

"What of your sheep?" Lemuel asked, taking a bite of bread and meat.

Once again Jethro, the oldest shepherd, spoke gently. "I'll watch over your flock, Simeon. I remember when all the world was young—when every season was springtime—and when I had a bride. Go in peace, Simeon."

Simeon scrambled to his feet, mumbled a word of thanks under his breath and darted down the hillside. Lemuel laughed and his laughter was echoed by the other men—rough men, all, who gave life no quarter. But the oldest shepherd did not join in their laughter—he sat quietly, eyes on the dark sky.

"After all," Lemuel roared, between huge chunks of food, "a woman's only a woman, and a baby's something to be endured until it can go to work." He raised his voice—"What's on your mind, grandsire?"

The oldest shepherd said, "I was thinking of the past—and of the future."

Lemuel queried, not unkindly, "What future is there for one who has walked across the world for threescore and ten?"

And the oldest shepherd replied, without resentment. "Sometimes," he said, "a man's whole life can build to one moment—and that moment may come when he's reached the threescore and ten mark! One moment of supreme beauty, of supreme wonder."

"What beauty does a shepherd know?" asked Lemuel. "Beauty—pah!" And the others laughed again—but the oldest shepherd went on as if he had not been interrupted.

"When dawn comes," he said, "a shepherd sees beauty! He sees the sky grow light and—" he stopped short and spoke in a voice that was hushed and tremulous. "The sky is growing light now," he whispered. "And it's many hours until dawn is due. Look ye to the East."

Lemuel sneered, "You're imagining things, grandsire. The sky isn't growing light—it's your eyes that are failing and—" He stopped short, for a light *was* growing. A light different from the light of dawn, a light softer and yet more intense, a light warm, and yet so clear that it made chills run up the spine of the most skeptical of the shepherds, and made the oldest shepherd fall to his tired knees.

"It's a miracle," he quavered, "a miracle. It may be the end of the world, who knows?"

LEMUEL started to say something profane, and checked himself. Even *he* knew this was no moment for sacrilege. He glanced down the hillside. The sheep were huddled together—but their woolly heads were lifted toward the eastern sky. His trembling hand brushed aside the lunch basket with its still uneaten bread and meat and he, too, was on his knees, realizing, without looking at them, that every one of the shepherds knelt also. And then, as they watched a star bloom, like a great flower in the sky that had been dark and dreary, the world was full of singing. Or was the light so intense that they imagined a sound of voices? The oldest shepherd moistened his dry lips and started to speak, and then suddenly his hands unclasped and he pointed upward.

"The angel of the Lord," he told them. "Lo, the angel of the Lord has come upon us!" He stopped abruptly—for the angel was speaking. Afterward none of the shepherds could remember what the angel looked like. They tried to describe him to their wives and their children, but they couldn't—for the glory was too great. But the words the angel spoke never left their hearts.

"Fear not," said the angel, "for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city

(Continued on page 62)

By I. A. R. WYLIE

Compassion

...THE GODLIKE INGREDIENT

A FRIEND who is a high-school teacher told me how one day the principal called a faculty meeting to discuss certain pupils whose conduct had become a neighborhood problem. When they had opportunity these pupils were wantonly and sometimes cruelly destructive. The teachers had, of course, heard of juvenile delinquency, but that it should break out in their quiet, law-abiding midst, shocked and bewildered them.

"What is it we have not taught them, that they should behave like young savages?" the principal asked.

My friend was young and diffident. But she ventured one word, "Compassion." After a moment's thought the principal nodded.

"I guess that *is* the answer," he said. "We just haven't taught them to be civilized."

He was right. For compassion is the hallmark of the civilized man. If we were all compassionate, our most dangerous problems would be solved. Whatever our creeds and political dogmas, we would find a way to live and let live. There would be an end to man's disastrous "inhumanity to man," and therefore to war.

But men are not all compassionate by nature. Beneath the thin veneer of civilization lurks the atavistic cruelty and greed of our barbaric forebears. We saw it break out in the concentration camps and torture chambers of the last war. In a technical sense the people who committed those horrors had all the outward marks of being civilized. But since they were without compassion, they showed themselves to be barbarous. Since they were incapable of "feeling with" their victims they could be cruel without remorse.

George Duhamel, the French writer who began his career as an army surgeon in World War I, wrote out of his hospital experiences, "Wars go on because there is no way in which one man

can feel in his own body the pain which another suffers."

Compassion at least helps us to share the pain of others. It holds our hand when our old barbaric instincts threaten to get the worst of us. Literally translated, compassion means a "feeling with." It is much more than pity. Pity may be condescending. It can stand inactive on the side lines. At best it is a "giving." Compassion is an active, dynamic "sharing." The compassionate man says not merely, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." He must, by his nature, actually go with the sufferer, even with the malefactor to a just punishment, sharing his fear, his remorse and pain.

COMPASSION isn't weak or sentimental. It can be stern and realistic. Abraham Lincoln had a compassion that went out to all living things. If a chickadee fell from its nest he could not ride on until he had returned it to safety. He hated to inflict pain. But it is one of the paradoxes of our life that we have to fight cruelty with weapons that we detest. It was Lincoln's tragedy that he had to fight a long and cruel war. But throughout it his compassion, even for his enemies, never failed. Had he lived long enough it might have illuminated with reconciliation a long dark road of bitterness and intolerance. He felt, I think, that the opportunity to save the least of us from suffering is one of our great privileges. As Moulton Marston wrote, "Whenever you contact a human being who craves your understanding, you are treading a path which may never open to you again. Don't ignore it. We pass this way but once."

Perhaps the most striking living example of Christian compassion is Dr. Albert Schweitzer. By the time he was 30 he had acquired fame as scholar, musician and (Continued on page 70)



Not a horse-drawn sleigh, but a streamlined car will bring Plainfield, Vt. folks to this Methodist church through the snow on Christmas. But the old-time spirit of the Day remains.

Christmas in Vermont

GEORGE PICKOW FROM THREE LIONS, INC.

Heads bared in the frosty air, carollers, led by violinist John Pierce, sing "Silent Night" and other lovely Christmas hymns outside a neighbor's house.





The Pierce family is deluged with Christmas greetings. Here Mrs. Pierce and elder daughter arrange them on shelves.



On Christmas Eve the smallest Pierce hangs her stocking "by the chimney with care." Mama will fill it.

Christmas is warm, cheery, holy
up in snowy old New England

FOR most Americans, second best to spending Christmas in the little town where Christ was born is Christmas in a little New England town. And although we don't know if there was snow on the Bethlehem hills that wonderful night, most folks feel that the Holy Night is not complete without snow on the ground, a frosty nip in the air. And snow is practically guaranteed in New England, especially in Vermont.

Typical churchgoing Vermont family is the John Pierces of Plainfield. On these pages you can see how they prepare for and celebrate the important Day and you will get some inkling of what it means to them as a family.

THE END

The Pierces remember God and His goodness before their traditional Christmas Eve dinner.



Holiday goodies and last-minute presents are bought by the Pierces in the general store on Christmas Eve.



An outspoken warning to bookmen: The decent American public's patience with

An Open Letter to

GENTLEMEN: This is a letter written not in anger but in the sincere desire to be helpful. If there creeps in any sign of nausea, put it down to the profound disgust we have experienced after careful perusal of some of your most recent and most highly touted novels. If you sense herein any flame of indignation, charge it up to the normal reaction any decent-minded person will feel after exposure to such filth as you have dared to foist onto the public.

In this letter we shall be specific. We shall name names and titles, and give examples so that there can be no possible misunderstanding as to who and what we are protesting. But first allow us to get a few generalities off our chest.

The truth is, gentlemen, you need someone to remind you of the facts of literary life as it is lived by the majority of Americans. You have recently revealed an almost unbelievable stupidity in gauging American mores, morals and tastes. And this misgauging has led you into an error that could be fatal to you as individual houses and to the book publishing industry at large.

Do these books—and the manner in which you have promoted them—mirror your own moral standards as publishers? Has it become an entrenched dogma in your minds that dirt is indispensable, that obscenity is obligatory, if book publishing is to succeed? Do you really have such contempt for American book-buyers? It would seem so.

What some of your recent products say in essence is just this: "American people, for all their protestations of morality, are fundamentally dirty in mind. When they visit a bookshop, they have a leer in their eye. They don't care a whoop for literary quality, for good plotting, deft characterizations, mood and emotion. They just want obscenity. They may be hindered from doing their own inhibited sinning, but they love to do it vicariously in novels. It is this hypocrisy that we shall trade on. It is these essentially dirty minds from whom we shall reap a whale of a profit!"

If such thinking and such publishing were an isolated instance, gentlemen, we would not allow

our indignation to become superheated. We realize there will always be some publisher who allows a book to go through his mill that afterward he is ashamed of. Likewise, we would restrain ourselves now if the sin was that of some quickie operator on the fringes of Publishing Row. We know there will always be fly-by-night concerns who, eager for a fast dollar, undeterred by any sense of social responsibility and disdainful of the value of reputation, will try to get away with obscenity before they have to get out of town.

What baffles as well as pains us is that such flagrant violations as we shall cite are coming from old-line, well-established and hitherto reputable publishing houses—houses whose names in the past have stood for integrity and literary quality! It is as though, in the magazine firmament, the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Reader's Digest* and *Atlantic Monthly* suddenly forsook their long-established standards and began to fill their columns with the filth obtainable only in the under-the-counter pornographic publications.

ARE we overstressing the case, making something out of nothing? Then let's look at one book by one old-line house. The house is G. P. Putnam's Sons, one of the oldest, one of the best. The book is "The Deer Park," by Norman Mailer. It is without doubt and without exception one of the dirtiest—and dullest—books to be printed in this or any other year. There is not a decent or redeeming character in the cast. Just a dreary procession of pimps, call girls, queers, lechers. Not one for whom the reader can feel a twinge of sympathy.

"The Deer Park" has no plot, no design, nothing but a succession of perverted and twisted Hollywood characters depicted with dull repetition as they go about their sordid ways. And not well depicted at that. Apart from the subject matter, the book is poorly written, awkward in structure, at times downright incoherent.

To obscenity, laced heavily with profanity and vulgarity, is given the full job of carrying "The Deer Park's" lame appeal. Obscenity is the star, with the whole show on its shoulders. And ob-

obscenity-filled novels and their sex-ridden promotion is wearing very thin!

Offending Book Publishers

scenity, gentlemen, is no artist. The load is too heavy. After the first couple of shocks, the audience yawns. For nothing palls quite so fast as vulgarity. You should know that.

The author is proclaimed on the jacket as "spokesman for a new generation!" Heaven help this generation if Mailer is its spokesman!

Somebody at your shop, gentlemen of Putnam's, really goofed on this one. You knew that a round dozen of the top publishers had turned "The Deer Park" down flat. Some have told us they wouldn't touch the thing with a ten-foot pole. But what did you do? Repent, and chuck the manuscript in the wastebasket? No, you called in your promotion experts and told them to bail you out. And there ensued the brassiest promotion campaign we've seen in many a day. In a broadside mailed to booksellers you bragged that other major publishers had turned it down—hinting that they were weak sisters, with no intestinal fortitude—and that you, only you, were brave enough to bring it out.

"Frankly sexual in its preoccupation!" you trumpeted, and hopefully forecast that "The Deer Park" would become "the most discussed, most argued over, most praised and condemned book of the fall." And, said you, "we're betting 100,000 copies before the end of 1955!" In short, you were out to sell sex, period.

That kind of thing, gentlemen, can be described with only one unpleasant word: *pandering*. The dictionary defines a panderer as "one who ministers to the low passions or debasing tendencies of others." It is a profession which society puts beyond the pale. And for very good reason. Puritanics aside, the good of the community requires it. Decent Americans are beginning to wonder why pandering authors and publishers should be treated any differently.

IT does seem, gentlemen of the book publishing trade, that your promotion people are particularly sex-obsessed. Even when you have a book that is relatively clean, you search it thirstily for some passage, however remote, that can be flamed up to make the book attractive to your customers

whom you judge to have minds that respond solely to the pelvic appeal.

As we write, there is before us a full-page ad by Simon & Schuster in the *New York Times*. The big bold headline is: WHY "THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT" IS A HUGE BEST-SELLER." Trying to account for the "phenomenon" of 50,000 copies sold to date, the ad-writer reproduces an expurgated 1800 words of a scene where the main character tells his wife about an illicit love affair he had in Italy when he was a paratrooper. Whatever else there was in the book—whatever of writing craftsmanship, literary quality, warm emotion and laughter and tears—that didn't count. That didn't sell books. Only this scene, with its juicy details of illegitimacy could account for such a big sale!

WE can't help wondering what your sex-obsession does to authors. Does it not say to old-hand and novice alike: "If you want to make money authoring, all that is needful is plenty of sex, plenty of profanity, plenty of obscenity"? When you yourselves lay such stress on the dirt road to success, you are prostituting not only yourselves but a whole generation of talented men and women whose devotion should be turned to literature, not licentiousness.

Take another example: "The Great Man" by Al Morgan. The author makes one of his characters say of the Great Man: "He had a great talent for obscenity and filth, and he gave it full rein."

Let the publisher, E. P. Dutton & Co., step forward. The plot of your book, gentlemen, delineates the bawdy life and loves of a TV figure, beloved by millions, who has died in an auto crash. Another TV performer, who hopes to succeed the Great Man, gets the assignment to do a memorial show on him. The story, if any, is what he finds out while researching the main character's former friends and associates. A frowzier and more despicable set of moral tramps one cannot imagine.

Well, gentlemen of Dutton, how do you handle this 300-paged package of vulgarity? You're not content to let the story stand as a piece of fiction. You've got to libel a (Continued on next page)



At 85, William Danforth, breakfast cereal producer and philanthropist, still goes Christmas caroling.

A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW

By RUTH LOUISE JOHNSON

PUT A light in your window on Christmas Eve, and the carolers will sing for you." For forty-four consecutive years this invitation has been extended to the citizens of St. Louis, Mo., where 50,000 carolers, in more than 2500 groups, spend Christmas Eve strolling along the streets of the city and country, stopping to sing at every house that shows the welcome light in the window. All money given to them by listeners is turned over to the institutions which care for handicapped and underprivileged children.

The invitation is given each year in a pre-Christmas radio broadcast by William H. Danforth, 85-year-old president of the St. Louis Christmas Carols Association. Danforth, who is chairman of the board of Ralston Purina Company, is known as the "Number One Caroler" in St. Louis.

Caroling from door to door at Christmas is among the earliest of European traditions. Carols were handed down from generation to generation, passed from country to country, and brought across the seas. In 1911 the Children's Aid Society of St. Louis took this inheritance of songs and traditions and started the custom of caroling to aid

handicapped, underprivileged children.

That first night, in 1911, Mr. Danforth gathered a group of nine neighborhood boys to go out and sing. Snow was knee-deep, and the first house they came to was dark. But they sang their carols and rang the bell. The man who answered listened to their explanation, turned back into the house and brought out six potatoes, six onions, a few beets, and told them to move on. At the next place a woman in curl papers ordered them away, and the woman at the third house complained that they had wakened her baby. In spite of these setbacks they collected a nice sum of money for the aid of the children. The caroling has been carried on every year since, and more than 100 other cities in the U.S. have adopted the practice.

SINGERS are recruited from all creeds and from dozens of organizations. Some are children, while others have been singing together for years. Each group is assembled and trained beforehand, and every caroler is provided with a special red cape and hood, and a six-inch red-and-green identification badge. Shortly after dusk on Christmas

(Continued on page 47)

whole industry. Your blurb on the dust jacket proclaims that here is "a penetrating study of an industry . . . the realistic dissection of the inside world of Radio and Television rings true."

In short, what you are saying is: "America, here is TV behind the scenes. Here are how your favorite TV figures comport themselves when not on your screen. Whatever you may think of them, they're all drunks, hop-heads, cheaters, seducers, profaners of everything the 'slobs' (that's a euphemism for you TV listeners) hold sacred and decent. You have a daughter who has a yen to go into this business? Here's what she must do and be if she'd make the grade!" And so on.

We suppose you are well aware, gentlemen, that if the majority of Americans really got the idea that this sort of rot is the television industry, the sound of the ax would be loud in the land. And a lot of TV sets would become kindlewood. That you might approve. It could, you may reason, send people back to reading books. Maybe. But if it did, gentlemen, it won't send them back to reading *this* kind of book!

Just as Putnam's has tried to slip over the notion that in "The Deer Park" you have "a straightforward account of the sexual mores" of Hollywood, so you have endeavored to blacken the whole Radio and TV industry. That's not only not cricket, gentlemen, it's low-down libel. We know the motion-picture and air-waves fields rather well, and we know the figures in them who are the greatest successes. And we can state this categorically, and defy anyone to disprove it: Herman Teppis and Lulu Meyers are *not* typical of Hollywood; and Herb Fuller and Ed Harris are *not* typical of TV—any more than Elmer Gantry is a prototype of the Christian ministry.

These two or three books are not the only offenders. You have company, gentlemen. Chapter and verse could be cited for other publishers.

"But," you demand, "why are you so steamed up over book publishing?" That's easy. We believe in books, in encouraging people to read books. We tell them there is no substitute, never will be, for books. Books, we believe, cannot be made passé by any other medium—not by radio and TV, not by movies, magazines, newspapers or any other means of communicating ideas. For more than 75 years we have been promoting your business—selling your wares through our reviews, through our editorial and advertising columns. *We devote to books more space, editorial and advertising, than does any other national monthly magazine of 400,000 circulation and over.*

(Continued on page 40)



EDITOR'S NOTE: *At the invitation of Mrs. Daniel A. Poling, president of the American Mothers Committee, Jean Wade Rindlaub, a prominent advertising executive, was the principal speaker at the Committee's annual meeting. Mrs. Rindlaub's remarkable address sparkled with so much inspiration and timeliness that we felt parents everywhere—and particularly mothers—should have the opportunity to read it. We present it here in condensed form.*

By JEAN WADE RINDLAUB

The New Togetherness

Do you want a happier home? The secret is "growing," says this mother, and her suggestions run from dishwashing hints to disposition improvers

THE OTHER day I was riding a bus on my way to New York when the bus stopped on the New Jersey side of the George Washington Bridge and an attractive young couple got on. As the bus lurched forward the little blonde wife quickly sat down in the seat next to mine. But not for long. After her husband had paid the driver, he walked past us to the rear of the bus, and then called out in an affectionate, cheery voice, "Come on back, Honey. There's a better seat here—where we can be together." They weren't going far. Just across the bridge. Maybe five minutes. But five minutes or five years—these two young people had learned a tremendously important lesson of happy living—the secret of togetherness.

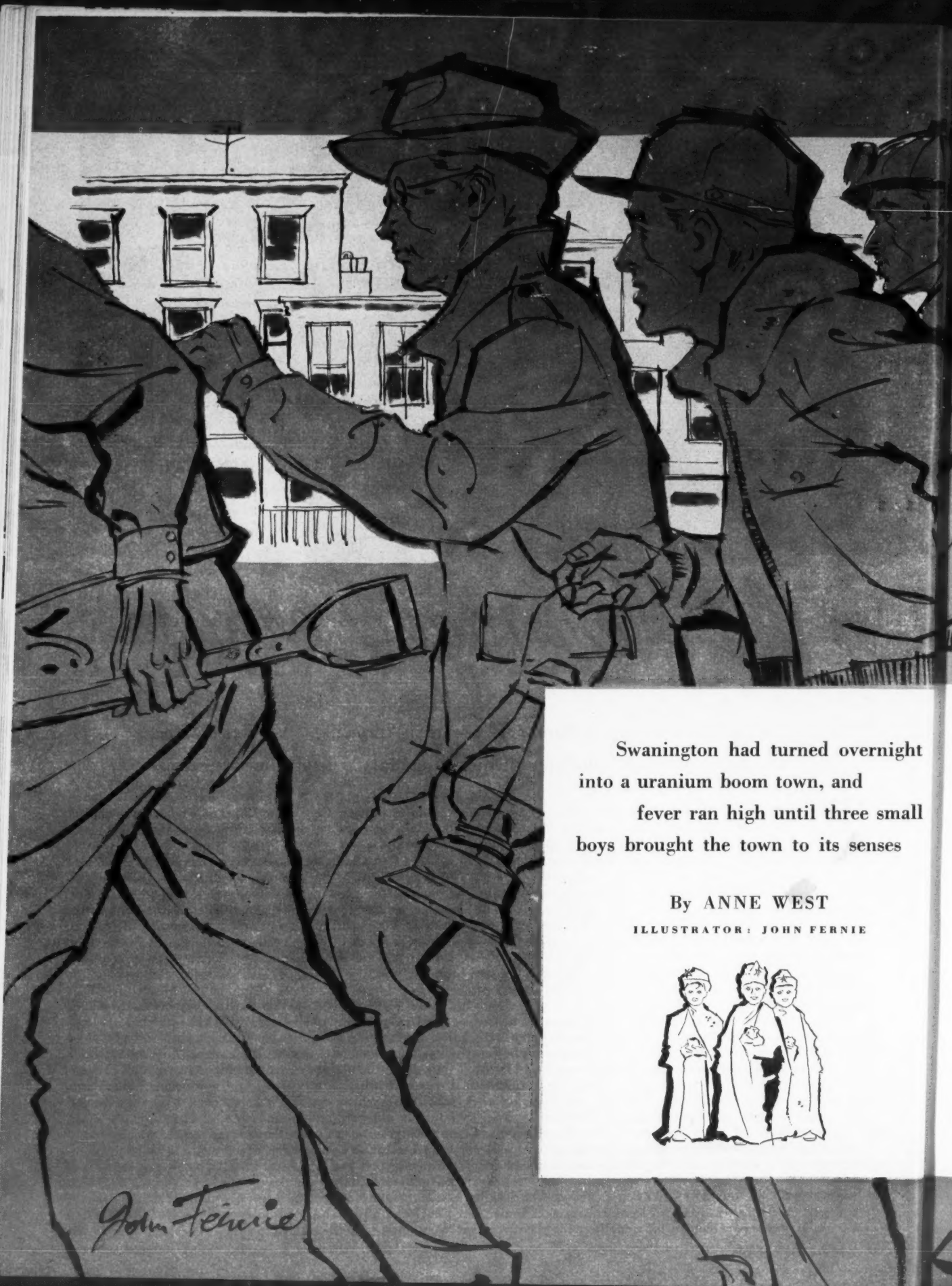
There's nothing new about it. It's been going on a long time. But today, as yesterday, it's terribly important. It's the togetherness that starts with a man and a woman. The togetherness that reaches out and takes in the whole family. The togetherness that is so rich and warm and glowing that it can embrace an entire neighborhood. The togetherness that, rightly used, can help to remake the world.

Like millions of other women, I have been a typical American mother—which means also being an aunt and a Sunday-school teacher and a dog walker and a bird watcher and a sort of godmother to a houseful of assorted pets including skunks, monkeys, lizards and snakes. Yet despite the job's many demands I still think this is a particularly wonderful time in which to be a mother, for there never

was an age when the one small candle you light—or fail to light—can have so much bearing on the well-being of the world.

Being a candle lighter, however, isn't as easy as it sounds. You've got to be big enough for the job—which means growing. Not all of us, of course, are young mothers. But none of us has gone so far that we've left behind either the need or the privilege of continuing to grow. And by that I mean a special kind of growing—the kind you do right along with your children—the kind that builds a solid family togetherness.

AS AN advertising executive, it's long been my job to make a close study of mothers—what they like to wear and eat, the kind of cosmetics they prefer, the kind of homes they have, what they like to do the nights they go out, what they do on the nights they stay home. As a result, I've come to know mothers pretty well. And now when I hear some advertising person protest, "You just can't depend on women—they're not predictable any more," I just smilingly shake my head, because I know the speaker is dead wrong. Mothers are all pretty wonderful. They're strong and brave and gay and good and can take a lot of trouble in stride and come back smiling. And they've also put a lot of their own strength and courage into the hearts of their children. If they knew all that advertising people have found out about them, they'd like themselves a lot. (Continued on page 72)



John Fernie

Swanington had turned overnight
into a uranium boom town, and
fever ran high until three small
boys brought the town to its senses

By ANNE WEST

ILLUSTRATOR: JOHN FERNIE





CHRISTMAS FEVER

THE woman's voice came hesitantly over the wire, and Marge Thacker tried to place the name she had given. "I'm..." she said, "I didn't catch—"

"Cass Brown." The voice slowed, repeated. "We're new, out on the highway. My boy Brig is in your son's room at school. He's one of the Three Wise Men in the tableau, like your son. I wanted to ask you—about the robes we're supposed to make them—"

Marge listened with a mild horror. Was it possible that the woman had given no thought to the robe until today! Of course it was possible, she thought. That was what the new people were like. Always pulling up stakes, living for the moment. What was Miss Teague, at school, thinking of, putting one of these migrants—

"Yes," she heard herself saying, "something

white and flowing under the robe. I used an old bed sheet. And the turban—"

Billie Joe's costume had been finished and hanging in his closet for a week. And Lola Haynes had had Toby's done nearly as long, even with all the extra hotel work she had now. What did these women who followed their husbands around in trailers, who lived at motels and in rooming houses, *do* with their time?

HANG on the phones probably, talking the transient talk of their men. It was why you could never get anything but wrong numbers or busy signals any more. All this—*this* *craze*—clogging the lines, jamming the exchange until long past midnight every night.

At intervals for the last half hour, Marge had tried to get (Continued on the next page)

Lines of a Layman

LIVING THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

J. C. Penney



IT IS plain fact that *if you and I are to live a Christian life at all it will be in our world as it is now—today!* Perhaps we have prayed, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," so often that subconsciously we feel something miraculous is going to occur without our doing much about it, and that we will awaken some fine morning to find that kingdom benevolently enfolding us. Not so, my friends, not so! We will have to do a great deal about it, for if we live the good life of faith, it will be in the environment wherein "we live and move" and have our everyday being. The farmer must live it upon the farm, the merchant in the store, the mechanic in the shop, and the banker in the bank. Every man's life, no matter where or how it may be lived, presents both the opportunity and the demand for forthright, consistent Christian living.

It will not do to say, "My environment, the people with whom I am compelled to associate, the place where I work, make it impossible for me to be the kind of Christian I would like to be." Jesus gives to all who will seek it the power either to rise superior to environment, or to move out into a better one. Remember, the apostle Paul said there were "saints" in Nero's very household.

Just before leaving the upper room for the Garden of Gethsemane Jesus prayed for His disciples. This is what He said: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world. . . . They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. . . . As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world" (John 17:15-18). Plainly then, the Christian is designed to live in this world, work in it, laugh and weep in it, succeed and fail in it, but is not to be worldly, i.e., like those who are not Christian.

through to the drugstore, to ask Lyle to send Billie Joe home with something. And now this—this Cass Brown's call had come humming through, quick, like a bird!

She put a coat on over her house dress, locked the front door. Two months ago she would have laughed at the thought of locking a door in the daytime in Swanington. But now—

Little knots of people clustered on downtown sidewalks, their talk quietly feverish. Word from the assays was due any day, any hour, now. She picked her way around the people, smiling, speaking to ones she knew. Two months ago that would have been everybody, except maybe a few folks from down on the Flats. Now the percentage of strangers was unnerving.

Main Street was a maze of mud-crusted trucks and station wagons, double-parked. Monday the city council had decided that something had to be done about the influx of new traffic, and already they were razing the old feed store back of the Home Hotel,

making a parking lot. The store, like the hotel, had been there ever since she could remember. And right up to a few weeks ago—when Lem Sewell, the owner, had taken to spending most of his days up on the cliffs, with the other men—it had done a good enough business. Now the men were half forgetting to feed their stock, or else selling them off for quick cash. Quick investment money.

THE Home Hotel looked anything but homey today, its wide verandas buzzing. Thursday a national broadcasting company had taken over its worn old lobby for twenty-four hours, turning it into a television set. And Lola Haynes—whose grandfather had operated the hotel when guests still came up from packet boats on the river—had been goaded by some newsreel cameramen into baking a "uranium" pie! A weird concoction that had bubbled under the hot glare of TV lights. Already, tourists, driving off main routes to see this potential El

Dorado, were asking for it along with the river catfish.

Christmas carols blared over the street from a record player in the dime store. Just outside, a thin Santa in a soiled suit rang a bell, nudging the kids inside. Marge smiled at him. "Hello, Cullie."

Cullie Baize was a shriveled, tobacco-stained little man from down on the Flats. A figure the kids were accustomed to seeing year round on one street corner or another. Harmless as he was shiftless. *It was a sad commentary on Christmas, 1955, that he was the only fellow the store could find—*

The doors to Dawson's garage stood open, and against one inside wall she could see, piled high, the green ropings the town saved from year to year to wrap the Main Street telephone poles. This year they'd got this far, no farther. And how about the twinings of evergreen and colored lights that always hung, like some enchanted canopy, across the streets? Where were they while the men who always put them up talked claims, rock piles, leases?

Christmas Eve! Except for the harsh bleating of dime-store music, the fir trees and cellophane-covered baskets of hard candy in front of Gehrman's Market, it might have been any busy Saturday. Even the weather took no notice. Indianapolis had snow—three inches of it, the morning radio had said. And Frankfort had a biting cold that nipped at ears and cheeks. But here between, in Swanington, it was as if the snow and cold stood off, waiting some better cue. Some closer heed, on the part of the citizens, to the significance of the calendar date.

If tomorrow, Christmas, weren't on Sunday this year—*forcing* some little attention—

It wasn't just material neglect, Marge thought, pushing along. For from the moment the first prospector had been seen at Finney's Dome, three miles out of town, people who had known each other all their lives had begun measuring one another's movements. Families haggled over boundaries; an almost endless procession moved up the courthouse steps. And already there had been one shotgun incident.

Men seemed fearful of turning their backs, going to bed nights, afraid someone would get the jump on them financially. And the talk—options, volcanic faults, underwriters—strange, but suddenly glib, on Swanington tongues!

THACKER'S DRUGS. Even outside, the store had a harried look. Signs—"Geiger counters, scintillators. Get your lease forms, maps, here"—pasted over the windows. When she had seen that Lyle wasn't going to get his usual decorations up, she had offered to come

(Continued on page 48)



From a raised hospital bed Lucy Ellis presides over phones, files and typewriter.

Lady with Ten Telephones

An incredible lady she is, this Connecticut career woman who is able to virtually overlook the fact that she is almost completely paralyzed

By ELIZABETH GEORGE SPEARE

IN OUR town of Wethersfield, Connecticut, when there is a special job to be done, a baffling problem to tackle or a diplomatic snarl to unravel, sooner or later someone is likely to say, "Better ask Lucy Ellis"—and the question finds its way to Lucy's office. This "office" consists of a hospital bed, ten telephones and an antiquated typewriter. For twenty years it has constituted Lucy's entire world, and from it—although almost completely paralyzed—she has managed to have a share in almost every worthwhile enterprise in town.

"I'm always surprising people," says Lucy with a twinkling smile that suggests she rather enjoys these surprises. Take the Community Chest director who, new to our town, indignantly visited Lucy to find out why the most successful canvasser on the list never showed up at meetings. Astonished to find a hospital bed, the director was even more amazed by the sparkling, dynamic "invalid" who occupied it. In a becoming dress and stylish hairdo,

Lucy looked like any busy and energetic career woman. With quick, bright comments, she discussed the prospects of the Community Chest campaign. When one of the battery of telephones at her elbow broke into the conversation, Lucy lifted the receiver with her good left hand, dispatched some business with brisk competence, and then quickly resumed the discussion where it had left off. Like many visitors before her, when the director had completed her business, she walked out of Lucy's office still wondering if her eyes and ears had deceived her.

Lucy does seem incredible. That even her closest friends have never fully appreciated the extraordinary activity of her life was recently proved when they insisted that she must have a television set. Baffled by Lucy's indifference, they took matters into their own hands, corralled the many friends who welcomed a chance to do something for Lucy, and surprised her with a remote-control set. Lucy was deeply

touched by their thoughtfulness. But privately she was a bit puzzled. "It's not that I'm not grateful," she confessed. "But *when* am I ever going to find time to sit and look at it?"

There is good reason why Lucy's phone rings constantly, and why, day after day, one visitor is almost certain to meet another going or coming. These people are not calling merely to bring a bit of cheer to a shut-in. They are coming to turn in reports on a polio, cancer or blood-donor campaign, to discuss a club program, to borrow books from the branch library which Lucy runs, or to ask her advice on launching a new town project. Girl Scouts who ring her doorbell are usually calling on their Service Director for a list of shut-ins who would appreciate an Easter lily or a caroling, or to pick up a supply of League of Women Voters' pamphlets for distribution. Cub Scouts track their muddy boots straight to Lucy's bedside to hand their weekly dues to

(Continued on next page)

their acting secretary and treasurer. Neighborhood children often come to the office for an afternoon story hour. And coffee cups, that may clatter at any time of the day or night, often mean a committee meeting of the Library Friends, Scout Leaders or the University of Vermont Alumni chapter which Lucy organized.

If some of Lucy's visitors launch into a recital of their own heartaches and problems, it is because they are fully acquainted with Lucy's eager sympathy, her Yankee common sense and her ability for shrewd decisions that quickly start wheels moving in the right direction. Lucy's favorite prescription for those who come to her in trouble is, "Keep busy." And to shut-ins she usually adds, in her characteristic straightforward manner, "Stop concentrating on your own troubles, and find something to do that will help somebody else." For invalids sunk in frustration and despair, this is strong medicine. And not all of them can take it. But for hundreds of others, Lucy's bracing encouragement has flung open the door to a new world. Lucy believes implicitly in her own prescription, and her radiant personality is inspiring proof that it works.

In the story behind Lucy's amazing accomplishments is an inspiring message for every discouraged invalid who is confronted with the blank wall of a crippling illness. Lucy was born in Vermont. "I was the only girl in a household of men, consisting of my father, two brothers and four hired men. After my mother died I did all the housework myself." Without neglecting these responsibilities she managed to attend the University of Vermont, where she met George Murray Ellis, a student from a town near her own. After graduation George joined an insurance firm in Hartford. He and Lucy then were married and settled in Wethersfield. At a time when neither of them could have asked for anything more from life, the blow suddenly fell. Just after one of the small dinner parties that were their special pride, Lucy—who had been experiencing a growing pain and weakness—suddenly collapsed and was rushed to the hospital. The paralysis that engulfed almost her entire body was diagnosed as a rare form of sleeping sickness, which, ironically, left her mind agonizingly awake. In the months that followed every known treatment was applied, every hopeful cure attempted. With stubborn hope Lucy forced herself to try every new therapy, no matter how painful or exhausting. Finally a heart condition made further struggle impossible. Lucy came home, desperately thankful to be alive on any terms.

"At first I thought I would be happy

just to be home," she says. "But not until I was back among my own things did I fully realize what had happened to me. I couldn't go out in the kitchen and make a cake. I couldn't see my rooms upstairs. I couldn't even straighten a slip-cover three feet away. I could only lie there and be waited on—in a nightmare of immobility."

For the first year a trained nurse was necessary night and day. After that, in an attempt to stem the mounting tide of expense, practical nurses were hired. But finally Lucy's spirit of independence began to stir. Her Yankee conscience was scandalized by the uselessness of her life. When finally one morning a flighty nurse packed her bags and eloped, Lucy lifted the telephone receiver and called her husband's office. "We're all alone now," she told him. "And that's the



CHRISTMAS SHOPPER, JR.

*He scans the counter, serious-eyed,
And stands on tip-toe to decide.
It's up to him to choose the best,
More splendid, far, than all the rest;
As, watched by smiling dime-store
girls,
He buys his Mom a string of pearls!*

—Elinor K. Rose



way we're going to stay. From now on we're going to manage for ourselves."

Lucy says now, "In a way I'm really grateful to those nurses. I found that with their telling me what to do every moment, life just wasn't worth living. That was what snapped me out of it. As soon as I began to do my own thinking, I began to wake up."

Friends were horrified at the thought of a helpless woman being left all alone in a big house. But to Lucy it was a challenge, and with a flicker of her old exuberance she began to take stock of her situation. Her liabilities were enormous—an almost completely paralyzed body, and a staggering load of medical bills. But her assets included one good left hand, an energetic mind, an unshaken faith in God's help and two pieces of equipment on which her future life was to be founded—a typewriter and a telephone.

There was also one other asset. Fate, which had seen fit to rob Lucy of so much, had granted her one magnificent gift—an extraordinary marriage. George Ellis was a quiet, thoughtful man, whose wit and keen penetration promised a brilliant future. Now, without fanfare, he assumed the role of nurse, cook and housekeeper. In the past twenty years, in spite of an unrelenting day-by-day schedule of exacting detail, he has moved steadily ahead to a highly respectable post in his company, maintained his own hobbies and interests and earned a reputation for community service in the men's organizations of the town. He and Lucy have meshed their abilities, their enthusiasms and their intense love of people and of life itself into a marriage that has done miracles.

At the start of their regime the long hours alone were Lucy's biggest problem. But the discipline of early years stood her in good stead. "Any invalid," she says, "can learn to live alone without fear. My door is always unlocked, yet no stranger ever enters unless I first invite him in—by tapping on my window. In all these years I have never known anything but courtesy and kindness."

To fill the empty hours, two perceptive friends sent her a subscription to a contest magazine. In those enticing pages Lucy discovered that contests were no myth, and that real people actually won prizes. She began experimenting, and soon found that she possessed a flair for writing colorful phrases with an unexpected twist. With her first win, the days took on a new sparkle of anticipation. And before long the postman was arriving with prizes ranging from a box of candy to a refrigerator to a new roofing job. Moreover, contesters are a gregarious lot who love to talk shop, and before long Lucy had drawn about her, by mail and telephone, a new circle of exciting friends.

KNOWING that the burden of unpaid bills still weighed heavily on both George and Lucy, friends persuaded her to enter a magazine-subscription contest, with promises of doing what they could to help. Subscriptions were soon rolling in from every side. By the closing date Lucy found herself with a major prize—as well as a thriving business. The lift that comes to an invalid from a first pay check is never forgotten, and in succeeding years Lucy has started many other shut-ins on the road back to self-confidence and a renewed zest in life. Besides writing them stimulating and challenging letters, she has either helped them to establish subscription agencies of their own or has started them on telephone-surveys. (Continued on page 40)

SUMMA CUM LAUDE

Flunked out of the school of life, he stumbled into Bowery Mission one night. From there he went on to Halfway House and finally graduated a man of purpose

IN THE classrooms of one of America's great theological schools, a young man's eyes are intent on the textbook before him. But as campus sounds drift through the room, he raises his eyes and looks out over the soft green spread of grounds, the clean buildings, the students hurrying along the lace-work of sidewalks through the soft glow of Indian summer. And his mind wanders for a moment to another building, far away in the center of New York City.

There's little to distinguish the Manhattan brownstone with the green shutters on the front door from a dozen neighboring houses that flank it right and left. Yet this four-story structure is a university in its own right, a kind of extension school, as it were. And the young man, studying to become a min-

ister, knows the close link between his new calling and Halfway House there in Manhattan.

For his father "graduated" from that school in New York. They gave him no degrees and handed him no diploma, but when the Rev. George Bolton grasped his hand and his fellow "students" wished him Godspeed, they knew that no man ever fought harder and gave more of himself to win. And that victory of the father led directly to the distant theological seminary for the son. Here was victory after twenty-five years of defeat, a success story that drew its virtue from failure.

George Bolton had seen many such victories during his twelve years as pastor of the Bowery Mission and director of Halfway House, but perhaps none of them has stirred the gentle man

with the steady blue eyes and friendly smile as much as John Moore's triumph. We'll use that name, although under his real one he is known as one of Broadway's top chefs, a man distinguished for his culinary skills in a city where a good cook can write his own salary.

BUT for John, during the past twenty-five years there often was no salary. The better restaurants where he worked prized his skill, but he was a drunk. The pattern of Moore's life ran true to form: for several weeks his employers would congratulate themselves on hiring a chef worth his weight in gold, then Moore would be missing for several days, and show up reeling and unfit for work. The gold in him was laced with alcohol and out he would



By
**HOWARD
RUSHMORE**

Uptown House, in a residential section, provides a good address for men "on their way back." Rooms are clean, simply furnished. Comfortable lounge has TV, books, magazines.



On our way to church—arguing!

That morning, everything went *wrong*. We started for church in silence angrier than any words.

Then, just as we turned the corner, a commanding and mighty voice stopped us in our tracks... the new bells had begun to play!

Slowly then, their music softened, became a humble hymn. We looked at each other, the hard, cross feelings gone. We reached for each other's hands.

This is the ministry of the bells. As their music floods the heart in need—so peace finds its way to the soul.

*now—your church can enjoy
true bell music—without
traditional expense*



Now, in a small wall cabinet, tiny bars of metal produce the glorious music of ancient cast bells—no heavy tower, no traditional expense. Plays from a simple keyboard, or automatically—and plays true bell tones, through the “modern miracle” of electronics, and the dedicated engineering of Stromberg-Carlson. Write for the 12-page brochure—it tells how your church can own a Stromberg-Carlson carillon or bell system now.

Stromberg-Carlson®

A DIVISION OF GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION

SOUND EQUIPMENT DIVISION

1245 Clifford Ave., Rochester 21, N. Y.

go, seeking another restaurant, fired time and again. At home his wife and son bore his weakness, awaiting hopefully the day that their husband and father would return to them, cleansed and whole.

That day was long in coming. Ten years ago he disappeared and became one of those faceless inhabitants of the street of forgotten men known as the Bowery. Here the tides of fate wash human debris against a jetty of cheap flophouses, of endless saloons, of hopelessness. Men once possessed of fortunes sleep at night in the gutter, men of talent like John Moore forget home and family in the desperate search for one more shot of whiskey.

Moore spent years on the Bowery. His family searched frantically for him, but there was no word. Then one day, John, ill of soul and sick in body, stumbled into the Bowery Mission, crying for help. Like thousands before him, he received it.

And there to help him was George Bolton, the Mission's pastor, who, 27 years before, himself had been found by God and knew how a derelict felt. John spent several months at the Mission, with God's help fighting free of alcohol and rooting out the accumulation of evil of the years.

Then came his time of “postgraduate work,” his promotion to Halfway House. Mr. Bolton had watched him carefully, had seen John shake off the effects of drinking, had noticed that he did odd jobs around the Mission efficiently, had watched him emerge again as a man who longed to return to his rightful place of usefulness in life. For this type of man, Halfway House was designed.

So John Moore moved from the Mission to the building with the green shutters. He had a job again, not in the fancy restaurants where he once worked, but in a small diner whose owners knew Mr. Bolton and agreed to give John a chance. The salary was small, but ahead of John was a new life. As do all men at Halfway House, Moore had his own room, neat and clean with his own clothes and books and possessions. Downstairs in the parlor was the library and the TV set and the writing tables. The latter beckoned invitingly and one night John sat down and wrote his wife, telling her that he had emerged from the darkness and would return to her soon.

“But not yet,” he wrote. “Give me time to be sure.”

During the years he had been missing, Mrs. Moore had struggled to send the boy through school, and had never ceased praying for John's return. She wept when she received the letter, yet wrote back with the wisdom born of understanding: “We want you and need you, John, but don't come back

until you know you will never drink again.”

Out of his earnings, John paid \$3.00 a week to Halfway House for his room. Every cent he could spare he sent the family. “Don't come to see me yet,” his letters said. “I'll let you know.”

Surrounded by men who like himself were fighting their way back, John Moore drew encouragement. Two or three times a week he would attend services at the Mission. His health returned and with it his old skills as one of the city's finer chefs.

His employers called John aside one day and told him, “We hate to lose you, but there's a better job waiting for you.” They named a restaurant, one of the best, where John had worked before. “They need a chef and we've recommended you. Good luck and God bless you.”

So John went from better job to better job. But he still waited. The money now at his disposal was a temptation. He wanted to be sure that temptation could be overcome.

THEN one day he talked to George Bolton. For the men of Halfway House, the “postgraduate work” averages about six months. By then both they and the pastor know whether they are ready for the outside world—or a return to the Bowery Mission where they must slowly work their way back.

In his six months at Halfway House, John did not have a single drink. “And I'll never have another,” he told Mr. Bolton. The two talked for hours and the next day the men of Halfway House said good-by to John Moore.

But he came back a few weeks later with his wife and son. He left a contribution, and with his family attended services at the Mission. And then he called George Bolton aside.

“My son has decided to become a minister,” he told the pastor. “He's entering theological school this fall. I'm saving to see that he graduates.”

“He will make a fine minister,” George Bolton told John. “You should be proud of him.”

John smiled. “He knows the whole story. And for some reason he's proud of his dad too.”

George Bolton often hears from that family, reads glowing reports of the son's progress at the seminary and of the father's continued success. The other men talk of John at Halfway House and know that every month a check comes from John Moore to assure that other men like himself can find a friendly hand and an open door.

That is why John Moore's son pauses occasionally as he studies to remember a four-story building with green shutters that graduated his father *summa cum laude*, once again a man, a husband and a father.

THE END

ALONE... ON CHRISTMAS

In your home, Christmas is a day of cherished togetherness. For the disheartened, defeated men who live on the Bowery, Christmas can be a day of almost unendurable aloneness.

On Christmas Day, even a man who has lost his dreams remembers his father's house, remembers his mother's love, remembers the long-ago days when he too sang the joyous songs of Christmas because he could not keep from singing.

His memories make him more cynical, more bitter—or they make him more reachable, more redeemable. It depends upon where on the Bowery he is.

It depends upon whether he is alone or with those who love him because God still loves him. It depends upon whether he is hungry or fed. It depends upon whether he is huddling in a cold, hostile doorway, or is welcomed into friendly warmth.

And all that depends upon you.

In your name, the Bowery Mission offers a healing ministry to soul-sick men. It is your Mission. It is your compassion that is reflected. It is your friendliness, passed along by dedicated and skilled personnel who know how best to reach the inhabitants of this street of lost men. In your name and by your help and God's grace, hundreds are rescued every year.

Your gift helps to make Bowery Mission's Christmas ministry the greatest day of all. Your gift helps to bring the Christmas star to men who walk in despair.

What a Christmas it can be! A turkey dinner with all the homey trimmings, a stirring devotional service at which the Bible stories of Christmas are read and the heart-touching songs of Christmas are sung, a sparkling Christmas tree and tall mounds of gaily-wrapped gifts! With your help, the doors will swing wide from morning till night—until all who hunger for the blessings of Christmas are fed in body and spirit. Only God knows how many lives will be transformed, how many will be returned to mothers and wives and children—because when their hearts were mellow you helped to point them home!

Alone—on Christmas? **IT MUST NOT BE!** Your gift mailed today—now—will bring your friendliness, your assurance, your hand of encouragement, to some man who tragically needs it.

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BOWERY MISSION



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The amount of your gift is a matter between your heart and your purse. Give what you can, guided by your Christian compassion and by the knowledge that on Christmas Day generous contributions are needed to care for the more than 1,000 men who will come to the Bowery Mission for gospel services, a holiday dinner, carol singing and gifts around the Christmas tree.

With your help, some of these men will be touched by a Christmas miracle.

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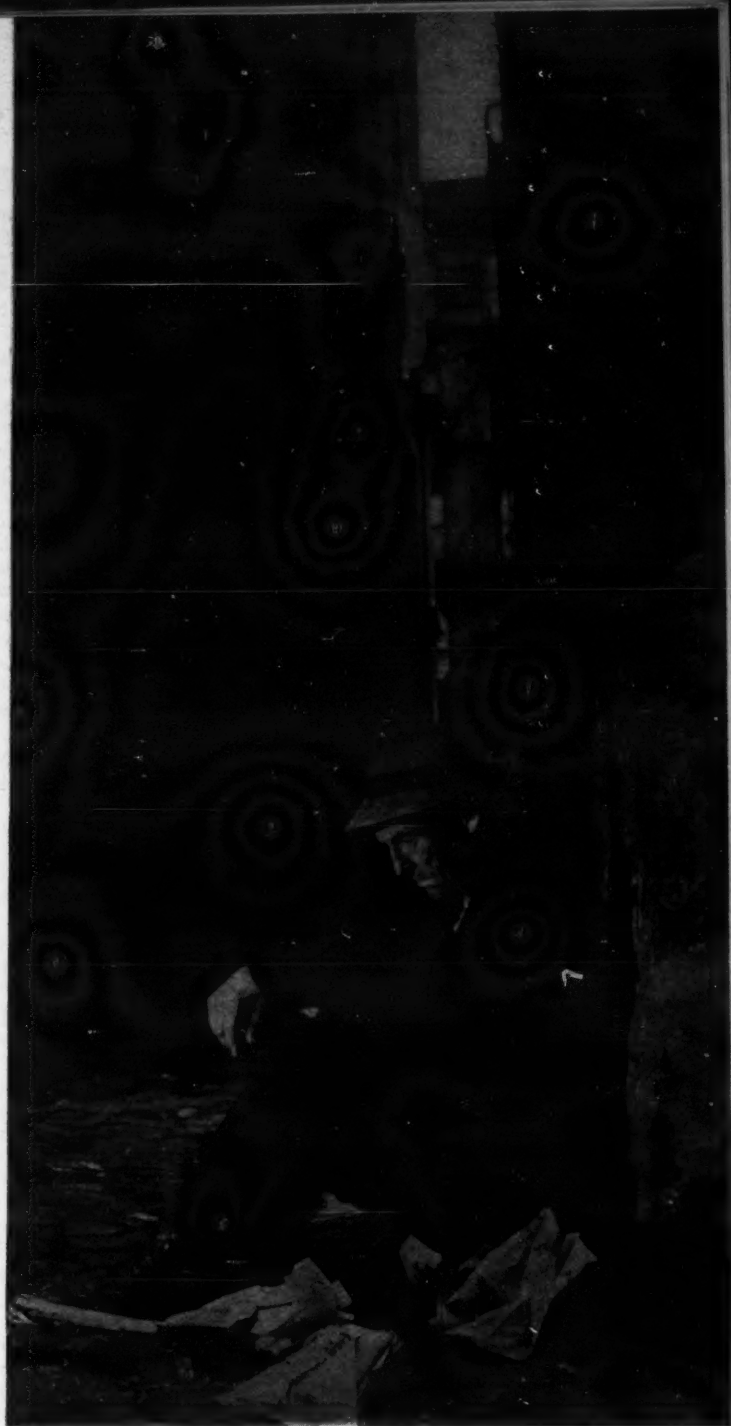
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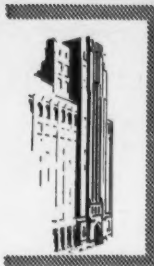
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IS IT ENOUGH TO PUT CHRIST BACK INTO CHRISTMAS?

(Continued from page 17)

Why was he interested in the universal Christ and not in the historic Jesus? Because into the universal Christ he could put any content, even a Hindu content, for it is not anchored in history, in fact. But you cannot put any content you desire into the historic Jesus. By His life and teaching and death and resurrection He has put His own content there.

The Christian faith is founded upon the Incarnation, the Word become flesh. It begins with Jesus—the Incarnate. You cannot legitimately say Christ until you have first said Jesus. For Jesus puts character and content into Christ. The Jews put a very different content in the term Christ—a conquering hero who would restore the kingdom to Israel. Jesus redeemed Christ by making the term Christ stand for the spirit of Jesus—something quite different.

You cannot say God till you have first said Jesus, for Jesus puts character and content into God. Apart from Jesus our ideas of God range from a vague Cosmic Energy (the God of many scientifically-minded moderns) to a Grandfatherly Old Gentleman seated in heaven (the God of many, even in our churches.) The question of whether there is a God is important, but the question of what kind of God is even more important. For what God is like, we must be like. We cannot be at cross purposes with God, the Ultimate Reality, and not get hurt. But apart from Jesus we know little or nothing about the character of God. Jesus is God revealing Himself in understandable terms, human terms. He is God showing His character where our character is wrought out, namely, in the stream of human history. Jesus is that part of God that we have been able to see. He is the human life of God. He is God simplified, God understandable, approachable, lovable. When I say God I think Jesus. And I can think of Him in no higher terms than to think of Him in terms of Jesus. We believe, with Canon Wilberforce, "in the Jesus-Christness of God." He is God's authentic self-revelation.

So Christmas is the celebration of God's first step in the Incarnation. I say first step, for the Incarnation is not God being born as a Baby. It is God's identification with us—becoming like us that we may become like Him. The birth was the first step in that Identification. The Identification was progressive: He was born as a human, He was baptized into the toil of the human. He worked at a carpenter's bench. Then He was baptized into the world's sin when He took a baptism of

repentance alongside of sinners as one of them—He who knew no sin. And then that Identification became complete when at a cross He was crucified between two sinners as one of them. He became sin for us. He cried the cry of dereliction that you and I have to cry when we sin: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The Identification was almost complete. But not quite. At the cross He was identified with our sins. But at the tomb He was identified with the results of our sins—death.

But now that He has become identified with us, He opened the possibility of our being identified with Him. He reached bottom with us that we might reach the top with Him. If we become identified with Him by surrender and obedience, then we become identified with His victory. We get under a process of redemption that will end in our being made into His likeness.

So putting "Christ into Christmas" is more than substituting Christ for commercialism. For that might substitute a name for a name.

Two things must become facts if we are to put Christ back into Christmas. We must begin with Jesus—the Incarnate—and make Him first of all Saviour. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." The name "Jesus" means "Saviour" and He must become that to us. A Saviour from what? From hell? To heaven? No, from sin! If He doesn't save us from sin He doesn't save us from anything. The business of the Christian redemption is not to get us out of hell but to get hell out of us, not to get us into heaven but to get heaven into us.

And moreover, His redemption is not to make you healthy, and not to bring you happiness—except incidentally. If you make your health the aim of the Christian redemption, then that makes God serve you; you're the center, not God. And if the end of that redemption is to make you happy, then again God is the servant of your happiness; you are the center. But the end of the Christian redemption is to save you from the central sin—the sin of making yourself central, making yourself God. God becomes central, God becomes God, not you. When that takes place, then health, happiness, effectiveness, success are added as by-products. The Kingdom of God is first and then "all these things are added." You haven't put Christ into Christmas, except marginally, until Jesus becomes Saviour.

The second thing is to make Jesus

Lord. He cannot be Saviour unless we also make Him Lord. To make Him Lord means that He has the final say in our lives. We have moved over and have given Him the wheel. We finally bend the knee at His feet and only at His feet. Jesus is Lord! That phrase, "Jesus is Lord," is very important. It was the earliest Christian creed: "If you confess with your lips that *Jesus is Lord* . . . you will be saved." Again, "No one can say 'Jesus is Lord' except by the Holy Spirit." (R.S.V.) Here also is the simplest and profoundest creed.

It is said that all great discoveries are a reduction from complexity to simplicity. The false hypothesis is always complex, for lots of words have to be used to cover up the falsity. But the truth is always simple. Of all the reductions from complexity to simplicity this is the greatest: Jesus is Lord!

How did it happen? How did a fiercely monotheistic people whose characteristic statement was: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord"—God was Lord—how did these people come to the conclusion that *Jesus* was Lord? How did they believe that this Man, who was born in a stable, walked our dusty roads, died upon one of our trees, was buried in a rock tomb—how did they believe that He was at the place of final authority and would have the last word in human affairs? How did they come to that startling conclusion? Did they find that the touch of Jesus upon life was the touch of God? That He was doing something that only God could do? And were they forced to the conclusion that Jesus is Lord? Yes!

They found He was Lord of the past, forgiving sins and releasing men from the bondage and guilt of the yesterdays. They found Him to be Lord of the present, releasing men from temptations and sins and giving them power to face up to tragedy and sorrow and make something good out of them. They found Him to be Lord of the future, pulling the sting of death and making men unafraid of anything that might happen. They cried: "We don't know what the future holds, but we know Who holds the future." They were secure with an invincible security—Jesus is Lord! Not *will be* Lord—is Lord here and now!

This Jesus as Saviour and Lord must be put back into Christmas! Then Christmas will be redeemed—and we too will be redeemed! So the movement to put Christ back into Christmas must gather momentum and go deeper—it must put Jesus, the Incarnate, back where God put Him—"Jesus is Lord!" If this is done then Christmas and Christendom will be saved and with it the world. THE END

The Story of DEMETRA

and
the
headless
doll . . .



DEMETRA is a lively, mischievous 15 month old baby with light brown hair and a face always scrubbed shiny and clean. She toddles around on the floors, generally gets in her mother's way, and gurgles over her doll.

The headless rag doll is an important plaything to Demetra. Important because it is her only plaything. And important also because it symbolizes the poverty and struggle of living in modern Greece—torn and ripped by war, Communist aggression, earthquakes and the austerity of economic rehabilitation.

The only "home" Demetra has known is a refugee camp in Athens—a large warehouse partitioned off with ropes and rags to make "rooms" for many families.

Demetra's mother has sold most of the family's possessions, even her own winter jacket, to buy milk and bread for the baby. Demetra's father, a newspaperman before the war, has been unable to find employment. He is hardworking and conscientious, but in poverty-stricken Greece there is little opportunity to earn a living wage. In a country where tragedy and sorrow walk hand in hand, Demetra's parents can only pray that someone—somewhere—will help their tiny daughter.

HOW YOU CAN HELP DEMETRA

You can help save Demetra or another needy baby through the BABY SPONSORSHIP plan of Save the Children Federation, a non-profit child welfare organization with 23 years of service. For only \$60 a year, \$5 a month, SCF will send "your" baby, food—including extra milk and cereal—attractive new clothing, warm bedding and many other essential items—delivered in your name in Greece, Finland, France, Western Germany or Korea.

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GIFT-WRAPPED

Her Christmas money wouldn't cover the list until
she discovered something important she'd left out

By LEONA F. GOLDSWORTHY

SOMETHING was the matter. I had no Christmas spirit, no sense of overflowing joyous good will.

I had just returned empty-handed—and emptyhearted—from a “shopping” trip downtown. Now I sat at the kitchen table and once again counted the money in my handbag. Recalling the price tags in the store windows, I sighed. Not enough. Not half enough.

An aimless dialing of the kitchen radio covered a distressing need to do something. If Christmas spirit could be bought with money, I reflected dourly, the city decorations offered a surfeit. Lamp posts were festive with greenery. At intervals colored lights arched Cherry and Main Streets, our shopping area, flashing at each apex an enormous Santa face or Christmas tree or star. Loud speakers at busy intersections poured forth “Jingle Bells” or “O Little Town of Bethlehem.”

At the entrance of a drugstore a middle-aged clerk had looked up, hands covering her ears. “I’ll go crazy with this racket,” she said. Directly outside the store transom a loud speaker was translating “Silent Night, Holy Night” into an unrecognizable blare.

The paper also carried extra pages of Christmas advertising. Bordered in holly, one ad asked in sedate Old English: “What is Your Man’s Favorite Vice? Drinking? Smoking? We Have the Gift to Please Him.”

That was what was the matter, I groused — vulgarity, hypocrisy. They were the culprits that had robbed life of the real meaning of Christmas.

My restless fingers continued the aimless plucking at the radio. Suddenly my attention became riveted. The vol-

ume rose and faded, leaving a few words startlingly clear on a background of ethereal harmony. And those few words from a jovial college song I had heard a thousand times before stopped me in my mental tracks. I turned up the volume so the song might flood the house and my heart.

We are poor little lambs who have lost our way;

Little black sheep who have gone astray;
Lord, have mercy on such as we.

In an illumined moment I understood: My unhappiness was due to my own inner unpreparedness for Christmas, not to outward circumstances. Christmas was less a date on the calendar than it was a state of mind and heart.

I knew what I had to do next. Like an unblinking white eye the reason for my distress stared up at me from the dining-room table. I walked to it and picked it up distastefully. It was a craven affair—my Christmas list.

FOR me, Christmas had degenerated into a matter of mathematics. Last year sister Clare had given me an exquisite nightgown; therefore, this year she must receive from me a present comparably expensive—an angora sweater. But an angora sweater had as much business on my Christmas list as a Cadillac. In the same vein Auntie must be given something valuable to balance last year’s hand-tooled leather handbag—a portable radio according to the paper in my hand. From cousin Imogene, with whom I had maintained as much contact as with Whistler’s mother, unexpectedly had come a volume on modern art, as embarrassing as it was beautiful. Pride, not love, re-

quired that cousin Imogene's name be added to my list. Tit for tat.

Thus it went. With nerves worn to a frazzle trying to figure out how to give what I couldn't afford to give, no wonder I had no inner peace.

Following the gleam, honesty compelled me to confess that lights and music, within tasteful limits, were a delightful contribution to the holiday mood, and that for every offensive ad there were a dozen pleasing ones. Also I had to admit that the basic trouble was myself. The Babe had been given as an expression of concern and love. My gifts must spring from the same, else they were not Christmas gifts.

A few days later I looked with satisfaction at the articles heaped on the dining-room table. Simple gifts, maybe, but good. Sister could have the slip—not pleated nylon as I would dearly have loved to give, but a fine quality crepe which I could afford. The handkerchiefs, pure linen and hand-initialed, would go to affluent Uncle George who regularly sent me a twenty-five dollar check. And so it went. The smiling heap held all the Right Gifts. Yet I knew they were not enough. Some *plus* quality must transform my remembrances into true representatives of the Christmas spirit.

Serenely I set about to include the plus. After wrapping the handkerchiefs attractively, I wrote a brief letter on star-bedecked stationery, expressing to Uncle George my love for him and my concern for his well-being. Then, clasping the small, be-ribboned package in my two hands and bowing my head, I prayed silently and earnestly that if it were not the good Lord's will to free Uncle George from the racking attacks of asthma, He bestow on the sufferer some compensating blessing beyond my own power to conceive. To Sister I wrote a loving note and added for her a prayer for her success in her new job hundreds of miles from home and for comfort in her present loneliness. For a dear couple undergoing a domestic crisis I wrapped the pretty kitchen timer clock, and breathed the prayer that husband and wife be blessed with an abundance of the qualities of understanding, patience and forgiveness.

After a while the high pile of finished packages was accomplished, a gay display. The bright holly designs, fir trees be-topped with gold stars, baby angels rakishly wearing halos, Santas, and puppy dogs were emphasized by an occasional package of plain red or white or gold. And somehow, I felt that the Lord and I had wrapped the presents together, and, perhaps in the manner a small gift of a small boy had been multiplied long ago, He would see to it that my mild offerings, given in love, would wonderfully sat-

(Continued on page 55)



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OPEN LETTER TO OFFENDING PUBLISHERS

(Continued from page 26)

Moreover, we have a book club—a club devoted to supplying American families with reading in permanent form that is entertaining, informative, and inspiring. Our club has a large and loyal following. It has proved to any who cares to observe its success that there is a market—a lively and a large market—for literature that is neither pap nor putrescence. The success of our club should have indicated to you that American families are getting fed up with the indecent.

But while we have been selling your products for you, creating new markets and new authors for you, gentlemen, some of you have been letting us down.

Again and again we've gone to bat for you to preserve your freedom.

You know very well that, as of today, you enjoy more freedom than any other mass medium for reaching the public. You can print in books certain words and scenes that would ban magazines from the mails, close down movie houses, rule radio and TV off the air.

You are smart men, intelligent men. You should have observed by now that freedoms abused are freedoms taken away. Liberty that turns into license—and thence into licentiousness—has a way of disappearing before the wrath of an aroused public conscience.

We'd hate to see that happen to you. On principle, we do not like restraining legislation, officially imposed censorship, organized boycotts. Repeatedly we have opposed all these. But if a person or a business cannot or will not restrain itself, these things—and worse—often come. Whether you see it or not, gentlemen, there is a handwriting on the wall: *Decent people are losing confidence in the book publishing industry.* Of this we are certain. And, as you well know, when pub-

lic confidence goes, everything goes.

One thing that has worked in your favor in the past is the book-buyer's habit of ignoring the publisher's name on a book. Time was when any test of readers could reveal that out of any 100 there would not be a half dozen who could state who published the books they bought. The attention was on title and author. Perhaps you've planned it that way. It makes things cozy for the publisher who wants to hang onto his steady and respectable trade while leaving him free to take an unnoticed flyer into obscenity now and then.

However, gentlemen, all that may be subject to fast change. One reader writes us: "I paid no heed to the publisher's name before. But since a big book club foisted off on me a profane and dirty novel a couple of years ago, I now look first to see who the publisher is. I'll never buy another book with that publisher's imprint again, no matter how good it is."

That practice, gentlemen, could snowball.

If it does, you may wake up some morning and find your business shot, your customers gone. Book publishing, as a business for you, will die. And you'll scream that you've been murdered—by other publishers, by radio and TV, by the movies, by magazines, or by some other scapegoat of your imagination.

But you'll be wrong, gentlemen. Dead wrong. The crime will not be murder. It will be suicide—suicide in your own cesspool.

We hope and pray that won't happen. We're doing all we can to prevent it from happening. But, in the last analysis, it's your own funeral—or your own future.

Which will it be?

CLARENCE W. HALL

LADY WITH TEN TELEPHONES

(Continued from page 32)

All through her life Lucy had taken an active part in the work of the community, and she soon decided that she had stayed on the shelf long enough. She had an idea that there were many volunteer jobs in her church and town that could be handled entirely by phone. There were committees to be organized, reservations to be made, cakes to be solicited—all thankless jobs which no one wanted to do, yet which are necessary to an organization's success. Once her willingness became known, these jobs quickly found their way to Lucy's office. From time to time an answering service for a salesman or a doctor

offered a small salary, and another phone was added to the growing row of instruments at her bedside. Today, through a network of ten telephones, Lucy runs a personalized answering service for five doctors, three salesmen, an oil company and the local Alcoholics Anonymous organization.

During the war years, when volunteer workers needed to have their work co-ordinated, Lucy's executive ability began to attract notice. Busy leaders found that her resourcefulness and efficiency gave every project she directed a new vigor and drive. As a result she was appointed as the contact center for a volunteer ambulance

service, and was also put in charge of alerting air-raid wardens. When the war pressure was over, these same abilities were dedicated to such organizations as the Boy Scouts, the Community Chest and Alcoholics Anonymous. For A.A. Lucy now acts as liaison among five local chapters, and is also in charge of admissions to the alcoholic ward of a local hospital.

Lucy's busy life, however, is not all work and no play. The Ellis hospitality has long been the pride of our town. Old friends are always given a hearty welcome by Lucy and George, and hardly a week goes by without a new friend appearing at their table. Strangers, notables and old-time visitors—as well as the lonely and down-hearted—all find understanding and stimulating company at the Ellis home. And their guests' experiences richly compensate the Ellises for the travel they can never have.

Lucy, who has always adored parties, is at her sparkling best at the center of a crowded room. An impending wedding, an anniversary or a blessed event demands a festive celebration, and the delightfully zany games that are Lucy's special inspiration. Every Ellis party is a masterpiece of co-ordination.

AND she has made her life a lot of fun, what with her bubbling sense of humor turning every frustration into an amusing situation. But life is also a deeply satisfying experience for Lucy, for she is constantly stimulated by the knowledge that she is in the full swim of things, and that the work she does day after day is of vital help to those around her. "If only shut-ins knew," says Lucy, "of all the worthwhile, satisfying jobs that are waiting to be done. And these jobs are to be found everywhere."

"You can start by asking your minister what you can do to help with the work of the church. If you are interested in politics, you can apply to your local party headquarters and offer your services in whatever capacity they can be used. Or you can call such organizations as the Red Cross, Boy Scouts, Civil Defense or Community Chest—and let them know you are ready, willing and able to serve. The important thing is not to wait for a job to fall into your lap. Do that, and you might wait forever. However, if you demonstrate to others your ability and readiness to work, you can have your pick of a dozen interesting and important community jobs."

Lucy has long practiced what she preaches. And it has given hundreds of handicapped people the courage to accept the challenge of a busier, happier and more useful life. THE END

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Daily Meditations

by John W. McKelvey

Thursday, December 1

READ PSALM 90:1-6

Believe in yourself and you will turn more of yourself into good achievement.

—UNKNOWN

SCIENTISTS now predict flights into outer space, and sooner than you think the secrets of breaching the time barrier and searching out the distant heavens will be common knowledge. No matter how quickly or effectively all this is accomplished, we will still need to fall down in awe and reverence before the Most High whose handiwork produced not only the moon and the stars but also the mind and heart of man. Above, below, before, and after all things is God our Father.

Teach us, O God and King, to see Thee everywhere as the Architect and Redeemer of our souls. Bestow on us the beauty of Thy truth, the joy of Thy salvation. Amen.

Friday, December 2

READ I CORINTHIANS 1:11-17

Small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennoble it.—C. N. BOVEE

THERE is a poignant story in the British film, "The Divided Heart," that echoes all too frequently in our everyday experience, with differing circumstances, of course. It finds us in the mixed-up tensions and loyalties that tend to separate us from one another within the circle of family and friends. It hits home when our love and devotion to God are contradicted by the ties of business, politics, and society. "No man can serve two masters," and we ought not to try!

Dear Master, lead us today in paths of helpfulness and truth. Inspire us to do good, to love righteousness, and to serve Thee faithfully. Forgive and cleanse us. Amen.

Saturday, December 3

READ I THESSALONIANS 5:16-23

SOMETIME recently the New York Zoological Society took high-speed motion pictures of a rattlesnake's strike, in color. The result is an impressive film revealing unexpected beauty in slow motion. The moment I read this report I thought of the obvious contradiction set forth here: the idea of beauty in relation to a striking rattlesnake. It suggests the strange lure that inheres in evil and reminds us that we must be alert at all times to avoid its fatal trap.

Father, lift us above unrighteous anger and mistrust into faith, hope, and love by a simple and steadfast reliance on Thy sure will. Draw us to Thee through Christ.

Sunday, December 4

READ PSALM 37:5-11

TODAY is being observed in many churches as Commitment Day, personal commitment to abstinence from the use of alcoholic drink. This commitment holds in it the wonderful blessings of God and the infinite joys of creative human relationships. It does not depend on Congress or city council, but on the desire and dedication of your individual heart. Whether for the first time or the hundredth, it is one of the greatest decisions you can make.

Dear Lord, we cannot climb the heavenly steeps without the strength that comes from Thee. Fill us each day with the resolve to make life count for honor and truth. Amen.

Monday, December 5

READ ACTS 28:11-16

In great attempts it is glorious even to fail.

—CASSIUS LONGINUS

LAST SUMMER a young Hollywood actress in her early twenties died after a valiant battle with cancer. Shortly after a leg amputation which was one step in her losing battle, she said, "When it happens to you, you somehow manage to find the courage." That is, of course, when you are relying on God to sustain and deliver you. No matter how terrible your situation, how prolonged your heartache, how hopeless your struggle, remember this: As God was with Moses, He will be with you!

O God, equip us to finish the work Thou gavest us. Lift away the burden of fear and concern and give us peace. Amen.

Tuesday, December 6

READ ISAIAH 55:1-3

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful, but mine if I do not give.—SENECA

ONE OF the most pathetic books of recent years is Han Suyin's "A Many-Splendored Thing." Trapped by circumstances that prevented their marriage, Suyin is forced to confess to her lover, "One starts these things pretending it doesn't matter. Going out with you once, Mark, was harmless enough. Now I can't help asking myself what I will get out of

this except to become a cheap Hong Kong Eurasian!" Love certainly loses its divine splendor when bought for a price, no matter what the terms of sale.

Lord Jesus, give us light in place of darkness, and purity regardless of the cost, for righteousness' sake. Amen.

Wednesday, December 7

READ MICAH 4:3-7

Give as though you love to give—as the flower pours out its savor.

—CHARLES H. SPURGEON

IN William Howells' "Back of History" he writes of the howling monkeys. They are pugnacious in spirit, but as they mature the young bucks do not begin to fight more and more; they simply play less and less. When aroused to fight, the battle is fought by howling, not by bloodshed. It is a kind of "talk-fest" in which the side with the most noise wins. Not a bad idea at all, if when the talking stopped, instead of going at each others' throats we went to work helping one another in love!

Father, enable us to prove ourselves good stewards in doing good as well as in seeking true riches. Amen.

Thursday, December 8

READ PSALM 8:1-4

It requires greater virtue to sustain good fortune than bad.—SELECTED

A NEW book published recently is titled, "How to Have a Green Thumb Without an Aching Back." It sounds too good to be true. It calls to mind the misprinted title of one of Dale Carnegie's books, "How to Stop Working and Start Living." Somehow toil, labor, and sorrow are a part of the human experience and can't be side-stepped without something being lost. Whatever work does for us in keeping us fit physically, mentally, and spiritually, at least it links us as co-workers with God.

O Christ, we seek to be good workmen who need not to be ashamed. Give us grace to endure the tedium of each day and joy to mark the achievement of our tasks. Amen.

Friday, December 9

READ MATTHEW 2:1-6

Cheerfulness is the atmosphere under which all things thrive.

—JEAN PAUL RICHTER

TODAY there will be a Christmas parade in Little Rock, Arkansas. Not the usual

CHRISTIAN HERALD

Christmas parade we have seen as the kick-off of Christmas shopping campaigns, this will be one with a religious turn, interpreting the sublime story of Christ's coming into the world. Many communities are conducting similar parades and they are very popular wherever carried through with the right leadership and in the spirit of Christ. It is, after all, Christ's birth that brings us to Christmas.

Blessed Jesus, come Thou into our hearts this Christmastide and find therein Thy dwelling place. Redeem us from sin and fill us with joy and peace. Amen.

Saturday, December 10

READ MATTHEW 7:21-29

Spiritual cowardice is not only weakness but wickedness.—J. B. GAMBRELL

WHEN hurricane "Connie" passed through our area there was a house in a nearby community which seemed to creak and crack under the strain and then suddenly collapsed into total ruin. What caused the house to fall at that particular time and in the manner of its crack-up remains a mystery. No doubt there was some hidden inner weakness, some unbalanced strain, some uncontrolled stress, just as there often is in our human experience when we reach the "breaking-point." But God is able to save and exalt us, even to keep us from falling!

O Strong Son of God, quiet the storms that rage within us and bring us through to confidence and strength. Amen.

Sunday, December 11

READ II TIMOTHY 3:14-17

After all, the Bible must be its own argument and defense.—HENRY VAN DYKE

WHO WILL dispute the place and power of the Bible in our lives and society? How much we owe to its translators as well as to its heroes and prophets! Think of William Tyndale, who completed the first English translation in 1535, and gave to our Scriptures the beauty and glory of great English prose. Think of preachers, teachers, parents, friends whose Christian lives have exemplified and made beautiful its precepts. Ours is indeed a goodly heritage.

Father of all men, lift our eyes to envision the whole world. Thy gospel fits all races and peoples, including ourselves. Redeem us by Thy saving grace in Christ Jesus. Amen.

Monday, December 12

READ LUKE 16:10-13

'Tis the taught already that profits by teaching.—ROBERT BROWNING

AN eleven-dollar bill—genuine American money—turned up in Philadelphia recently. The bill has \$1 with Washington's face on the front but the seal back of a \$10 bill. The woman who found it among bills in her own purse was unaware at first of its value as a collector's item. It reminds me of the priceless value of the "true riches" of the soul which God in Christ has bequeathed to us by faith in His name. So often we possess our "riches" without

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Open our eyes, dear Saviour to perceive the unsearchable riches of Thy grace. We thank Thee for the privilege of being "joint heirs." Amen.

Tuesday, December 13

READ ACTS 17:22-28

The errors of faith are better than the best thoughts of unbelief.

—THOMAS RUSSELL

SO OFTEN we are betrayed by our own words. There is the cartoon of a bridge party at which one of the players asserts, "Superstitious? Of course not! All I said was that I never had any luck with blue cards." Perhaps there is no such thing as good luck, especially if we trust in God for His goodness and mercy, but many people make the mistake of trusting in themselves and their selfish strategies. In that case, they fall miserably into the pit where is weeping and despair.

Lord, refresh us with a new vision of Thy face. Make all the day cheerful by Thy presence in our hearts. Amen.

Wednesday, December 14

READ JOHN 8:12-16

TODAY begins the Jewish Festival of Lights, the Chunnukah of biblical times. It was this feast which prompted Jesus to say, "I am the light of the world." Whereas in olden times men reached for the light with feeble outreach and trembling step, Jesus brought light in all its effulgent glory to bless and heal "whosoever" believed on His name. Through the ages since His light has shined into our darkness, and wherever we have allowed it to shine unimpeded, the darkness could not put it out.

Lord Jesus, teach us how to work without friction, to walk without stumbling, to grow without bitterness. Possess us body and soul that we may let Thy light shine. Amen.

Thursday, December 15

READ MICAH 6:6-9

The narrow soul knows not the godlike quality of forgiving.—NICHOLAS ROWE

HOWELLS' recent book tells the difference between the apes of the jungle and man. "Man is a creature with culture. I am not indulging in a piece of outrageous snobbery, hoping that gorillas will not find out what I have said . . . for culture is something much broader, and all men live by it, even though some have more than others. It consists, simply, in all the inventions, and all the conventions, ever made by humanity. Culture is what it takes to be human." Not a small part of our culture is our legacy of the spirit.

Reveal to us, O Father, our privilege as those who have received of Thy bounty, grace for grace, through Christ. Amen.

Friday, December 16

READ I CORINTHIANS 3:9-16

OVER in England the record shows that a carpenter contracted to build a house

for a woman of Bristol in four months for the sum of \$18.66. He not only fulfilled his contract but gave the woman credit for old building materials. The contract was dated Nov. 17, 1472. No matter when we build, in life as well as in houses, the materials will be tested in many ways. Happy is the man who builds with enduring values and on the solid foundation which is Christ Jesus our Lord.

Heavenly Father, sweeten our deeds with kindness. Keep us from hurting our brother men. Teach us how to endure wrong, to overcome evil, and to achieve victory. Amen.

Saturday, December 17

READ ISAIAH 40:28-31

Love is the key to the universe which unlocks all doors.—SELECTED

FIFTY-TWO years ago today the Wright brothers succeeded in launching their first powered airplane at Kitty Hawk, N.C. That flight ushered in a new age. I wonder if we realize what a change took place in our world when men first discovered the power of God's Spirit, how it lifted them above temptation and evil, how it raised them up upon the rock of His salvation, how it gave them "wings as eagles." And then, when Christ Himself came, what power was released to do His will!

O Christ, direct our aims, steady our hearts, plant in us holy resolves, and keep us faithful. Bring us to that victory that only Thou canst bestow. Amen.

Sunday, December 18

READ NEHEMIAH 13:10-14

We can only change the world by changing men.—CHARLES WELLS

IN Joseph Viertel's "The Last Temptation" he reveals the sad extremity to which men were driven under the scourge of the Nazis. Papa, an Austrian Jew soon to be liquidated, is interceding in behalf of a fellow Jew who has been arrested: "But Oscar, take my advice, don't get help from the rabbi. . . . Leave God out of it and do it like a plain lawyer, will you?" Sometimes we "leave God out" when there is no evil pressure, but always it is to our infinite sorrow and heartbreak.

O Father, quiet our hearts amidst life's noises. Remind us of Thy rod and staff in the dark valleys. Gladden us with Thy indwelling presence and strength, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Monday, December 19

READ I CORINTHIANS 12:7-11

Earth changes, but the soul and God stand sure.—ROBERT BROWNING

THE AGE of miracles is not past. A miraculous healing was reported some years back by Jane Froman. A shell-shocked soldier who had not uttered a word for three months responded when Miss Froman with gracious kindness inspired the man to sing some of the familiar hymns of the church. At first there was no sound, only his lips moving. Finally his voice came, softly, then strong and melodious. It was simply God at work

redeeming his life from utter destruction.

We thank Thee, dear Master, for the reassuring power of Thy love. We thank Thee for life, for hope, for victory. Amen.

Tuesday, December 20

READ PSALM 18:33-36

A MAN in Boston last summer had a hair-raising experience when he stumbled on the roof of a five-story dwelling and almost crashed head-first to the ground. "Somehow," police said, "he managed to get a grip on the edge of the roof with his toes where he hung almost twenty minutes until rescued. That's the only thing that saved him." Most of us know pretty well what a harrowing scare he had, for too often we have stumbled, our feet have nearly slipped. But God is faithful and able to keep us in all our ways.

O Jesus, we thank Thee for Thy sheltering care, for hard work to do, loads to lift. Amen.

Wednesday, December 21

READ PHILIPPIANS 3:12-15

It is not what happens to you, but the way you take it that counts.

—HILYS JASPER

NO DOUBT the record has been broken since last July, but at that time the greatest altitude that had been reached by a man-carrying vehicle was about sixteen miles. Of course, man has reached greater heights—and depths, figuratively speaking. The apostle Paul writes about being elevated to the third heaven, and the phrase "seventh heaven" is in common usage among us. The important thing is what height does to us, whether it humbles us before God and men.

We pause, dear Father, to acknowledge our dependence on Thee. Thy rule is for our delight. Teach us every lesson whereby we may be taught Thy truth and mercy. Amen.

Thursday, December 22

READ EPHESIANS 6:11-16

Whatsoever we beg of God, let us also work for it.—JEREMY TAYLOR

JUST what dire troubles arise to blight the even round of life's upward journey is suggested by the compromise and cowardice displayed by Victor and Debbie in "The Last Temptation" by Viertel. Running from the Nazi oppressors by means of forged passports and bribed railway officials, they are challenged by the friend who stayed behind: "Don't you think someplace, sometime, a man's got to make a stand, even if it's hopeless?" It's an honest question, one difficult to evade and to answer.

O Holy Spirit, our Friend and Guide in every time of need, teach us faithfulness. Enlarge our skill. Bring all our powers to serve Thee in truth and honor.

Friday, December 23

READ ISAIAH 60:16-20

THE REVENUE Commissioner of Philadelphia was surprised recently to find

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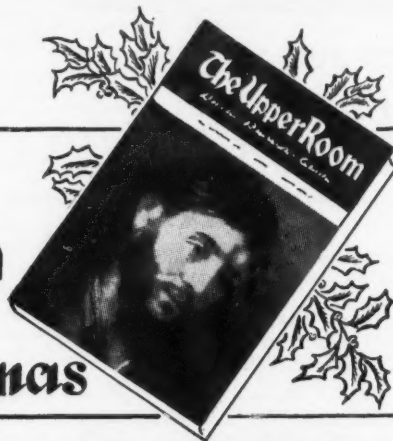
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a ten-dollar gold piece in a five-cent parking meter. No doubt the owner missed the gold piece soon afterward and would have kicked himself if he had known what a mistake he had made. Strangely enough, we are making the same mistake constantly, exchanging gold for brass, silver for iron in moral and spiritual values. Maybe our intangible values have lost their lustre, but whatever the explanation we are the losers.

O Jesus, we thank Thee that Thy coming into our world has enabled us to discover the difference between true riches and the dross of life. Abide with us always. Amen.

Saturday, December 24

READ LUKE 2:1-7

Cust all your care on God! That anchor holds.—ALFRED TENNYSON

ONCE again the hopes and fears of all the years are centered upon a cattle stall where over nineteen hundred years ago Christ, our Savior, was born in Bethlehem of Judea. His name has only been magnified in meaning by the intervening ages: "Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." If indeed His birth can take place again in us, then there is assurance that His kingdom will be established on earth as in heaven.

Lord Jesus, come to our hearts and dwell there. Purge us from sin and banish fear. Lead us in paths of service and inspire us to give ourselves for Thy sake. Amen.

Christmas Sunday, December 25

READ LUKE 2:8-20

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for Thee.

—EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT

CHRISTMAS at last! Are you disappointed, did you get the gift you asked for, did someone else fare better than you, or is everything just fine? Of all the things one might say by way of solace or admonition, perhaps the simplest is to remind ourselves that things at that first Christmas were far from satisfactory. In fact, Mary and Joseph could have indulged in protest and reviling at the way they were treated. Somehow they never did. The Christ Child made all the difference. It is the same this year also!

O Savior of the world, descend to us, we pray. O come to us, abide with us, our Lord Immanuel! Amen.

Monday, December 26

READ ACTS 26:15-19

Who rises from prayer a better man, his prayer is answered.—GEORGE MEREDITH

THE PAPERS carried a conflicting story during the summer about the condition of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's eyesight. One thing is certain, Dr. Schweitzer allowed the light of Christian sympathy and hope to shine into the far reaches of darkest Africa and that darkness could not put it out. Moreover, human and frail though he be, from the day long ago when he

beheld that "great light" of God in Christ and yielded to its beckoning call he has not been "disobedient to the heavenly vision." Thank God.

O God, grant to every faithful servant the joy of Thy presence and the rewards of fidelity and sacrifice. Raise us up today to serve Thee where we are, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Tuesday, December 27

READ JAMES 1:16-22

True religion is the life we live; not the creed we profess.—J. F. WRIGHT

THE INTRIGUING book on the Roosevelt family of Sagamore Hill provides numerous insights on the growth of honor and integrity. Young Teddy away at school has discovered that the family ideals and standards are not everywhere esteemed. He put the matter up to his father, "You can be just as decent as you wish," his father told him, "provided you are prepared to fight. If you fight hard enough, you are perfectly certain to secure the respect of your playmates for your virtues."

Dear Lord, in all things help us to rise above pettiness and ill will. Deliver us from pride and self-righteousness. Make us humble. Give us the desire to be kind. Amen.

Wednesday, December 28

READ ROMANS 8:14-17

If we make religion our business, God will make it our blessedness.—H. C. J. ADAMI

LAST summer some 200 persons answered a call for blood relatives of a man and his wife who died and left \$1,600,000 without known heirs. Replies arrived from all directions, and literally from the ends of the earth. The strange thing is that in Christ all of us have received the unsearchable riches of heaven. Sometimes you wonder why people are so slow in seeking to inherit their legacy of the soul.

Lord Jesus, before this old year slips past into the oblivion of time help us to get a fresh hold on Thee and a new measure of Thy power. Guide and keep us always. Amen.

Thursday, December 29

READ PSALM 37:1-9

Right attitudes and right actions right most things, including life.—B. C. FORBES

THIS LAST day or two before the old year dies is always a good time for reflection. What lessons has the old year taught us? What hopes flicker fiercely in spite of the discouragements and hardships through which we have come? So many things left undone, so much we have failed in doing. And yet, life and hope spring eternal within us, and we see even now where we can and will do better, and where we shall arrive ere long at higher levels and larger victories, with God's help!

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, be now our comfort, our strength, our sure defense, and at last

our eternal home, through Jesus Christ.

Friday, December 30

READ LUKE 18:27-30

The altar of sacrifice is the touchstone of character.—O. P. CLIFFORD

IN "The Roosevelts of Sagamore Hill" Mike Murphy, the athletic trainer, revealed an important quality in the man who became President. "Give me sixty men, every one a champion, and let that man at Oyster Bay have sixty men, and every one of them a dub, and his team would lick mine every time. . . . That man down there would tell a miler that he could reel a mile off in four minutes. And . . . he'd go and do it!" This invincible spirit will help you also to do the impossible in the year a-dawning.

Father, we are so prone to forget that Thou art with us to sustain and crown our efforts with good success. Cleanse and save us from our sins and weaknesses, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

**Saturday, New Year's Eve,
December 31**

READ MATTHEW 28:16-20

No one is useless who lightens the burden of life for anyone else.—CHARLES DICKENS

"RING OUT, wild bells, to the wild, wild sky . . . The year is dying in the night." Yes, only a matter of hours or minutes now, and then 1955 will be as dead as a dodo. Weep not. Do you not hear them, the ringing bells with their glad invitation to enter through the door into the New Year? 1956—how new and wonderful it sounds, how portentous with good tidings and abiding values it promises to be! Let's welcome it with joy!

Now Lord, abide with us, each one, and keep us in perfect peace as we venture forth into the days of our years.

A CANDLE IN THE WINDOW

(Continued from page 26)

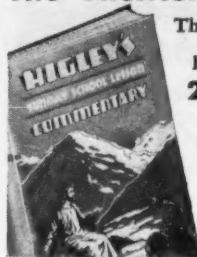
Eve they start out to sing wherever there is a light in the window and also as they stroll along the streets. They ring bells and take donations at the doors. One snowy night a truck driver stopped beside a group and asked for a song. Then he said, "Thanks," and drove on to spend his Christmas Eve in the cab of his truck.

Several days before Christmas the groups also sing at Union Station, stores, institutions and hotels. Travelers arriving at the station are amazed and touched by the singing.

LAST year at Christmastime, to celebrate his thirtieth year as president of the caroling association, a huge cake decorated with tiny carolers was presented to Danforth at a luncheon. The Mayor of St. Louis and the President of the Chamber of Commerce were present to offer their congratulations to the city's chief caroler, and to wish him many more singing years. **THE END**

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CHRISTMAS FEVER

(Continued from page 30)

to the store and help. But he'd shaken his head. "Who's going to notice?" he'd said.

Not you, she thought now. You least of all! And the lump that had been welling for weeks in her throat swelled anew. This wasn't like Lyle. But then—who in town was like himself, these days?

And she tried to put from her memory the night that Minnie Byson had sat, white-faced and anxious, for an hour in one of the booths—Hobert home with pneumonia—before Lyle had shown up to fill her prescription. Doc Emberlee could have been rightfully indignant; instead, he'd been all ears himself for the latest news from out at the diggings.

She'd said things to Lyle that night, things that had made a difference between them since. And his own retort had stayed, branded, in her mind. "You don't want the town to progress. You've got a closed mind about all this business. About uranium itself. It's a needed substance, not a wicked one. Anyone would think you'd be glad if we could triple business at the store, realize some profit on that eleven acres that's been just a tax drain every year. But no—you want everything to stay the same. Yesterday and forever. You resent the trailers even—"

"Yards torn up," she'd countered. "Earth laid bare for water lines. Get the lines in and they'll move on—"

"You don't even want Billie Joe associating with—"

"He's getting a false sense of values. Why just the other day—"

Was she being stiff-necked about it all, she wondered now. Was she wanting to keep Swanington, its people, cloistered, untouched? Was she being overly sentimental about Christmas?

"Never fear," Lyle had said. "If this strike proves a bust—and plenty of them have—we'll be deflated back to our proper size again." He'd said it easily, but she knew the frenzied beat of hope in him. Whipped to white heat now that the drill rigs had made the borings, and they were waiting for the assays.

He was back at the prescription counter, talking with a couple of men in boots and greasy overalls. Up front every booth and fountain stool was filled. "At the store alone," he'd said, "we'll make—"

But they had a good life already! The house newly remodeled. The only drug business in town. Money in the bank for Billie Joe—

She looked around for him and, when she didn't see him, asked the fountain girl, "Billie Joe? Is he out on a delivery with his bike?"

"Delivery?" The girl stared at her. "He hasn't been in all afternoon."

She went back to Lyle and the men then. "Excuse me," she had to say before they noticed her. She looked directly at Lyle. "Billie Joe—"

"I wish you'd have him come down, Marge. We need him here."

He didn't hear her. "Of course," one of the men was saying, "a mass of low-grade stuff could kick up plenty on the counter. It takes a geologist to interpret—"

She left her coat around her shoulders and walked to the hotel, all the way through to the kitchen. "Hey," Lola Haynes said, her arms deep in turkey dressing, "aren't you supposed to be practicing carolers?"

"Carolers?" Marge laughed dryly. "Who has time for caroling? I tried for two weeks to get some of the usual bunch together. I even said we'd do it *without* rehearsing. It was like talking down a drain. Shut-ins are going to be disappointed—"

"Same way with the grocery gift baskets for families down on the Flats," Lola said. "Nobody took the trouble this year to arrange for them." She drew her arms out. "Oh, well, there's the tableau tonight. The kids'll have that, at least."

"That's what I came to ask you," Marge said. "Is Billie Joe over playing with Toby?"

"I haven't been able to find Toby," Lola said. "All afternoon. And I've needed him for a million errands."

It's silly to think it amounts to anything, Marge told herself. "Well, that makes two of them," she said easily.

LOLA was looking at her; their eyes met, held. "I'm going to call Ned at the garage. But Toby always tells me—"

"Billie Joe too."

Ned Haynes hadn't seen his son either. "Figured he was with you."

"It's silly to worry," Marge pushed at the words.

"Sure. They'll turn up any minute."

But when the movie matinee ended and they didn't come out, and when Miss Teague called from the school to say that there had been a 5:30 rehearsal of the tableau and to ask why they hadn't shown up, all of the fear Marge had held seemed to congeal and thunder inside her.

There were so many strangers, of unknown quality in town, mingling—

Lyle, at first pooh-poohing the idea that anything could be wrong, worked with tighter and tighter lines around his mouth. "A 10-year-old boy who doesn't come home when his stomach gets empty—" he started to say once.

And stopped as the implication seemed to grip him. Store lights went on, and he saw darkness settling over the town.

When he and Ned Haynes got their heads together and walked to the police station, Marge felt that she was made all of crystal and that a look or a word would shatter her.

News spread like a holocaust over the little town. *Much faster*, Marge thought, in some dim recess of her mind, *than news had spread nineteen hundred and fifty-five years ago. And there was a worried mother that night—*

The fountain girl came bringing a boy back to her. A slender boy, solemn-faced, twisting a cap in his hands. "I'm Brig Brown, ma'am," he managed. "The other Wise Man."

Laugh, she thought. *He just said something very funny.* She stared at him.

"I—I just wanted you to know—" He shifted his feet. "I don't want to be a Wise Man—all by myself."

Of course he didn't! Suddenly—whether that was what he had come to say or not—she could see the eagerness burning all through his thin little body. The yearning to have roots, friends, to be a part—*What kind of small monster had she expected Brig Brown to be!*

A woman came quickly around the counter, into the office, relief spreading over her face at sight of Brig. "I thought you might be here!" she said, her arms sliding in a V around his neck, holding him close against her skirt. "He was so worried about the boys, Mrs. Thacker. Yours and that Toby Haynes." And then, "I'm his mother, of course. And let me tell you, Mrs. Thacker, both boys will be all right. I feel sure of it. It's not as if they were strange, not knowing the countryside—or as if, because they were new, town boys resented and laid in gangs for them—"

In gangs? Swanington children! "Marge!"

It was Lola, coming through the front of the store, Cullie Baize dog-trotting after her.

"Cullie says—" Lola began.

"I saw 'em," Cullie burst out importantly. "I saw 'em come in and I saw 'em leave—"

"Where!"

"Dime store." He swelled under all the attention. "They come in with money in their pockets and they went out with shovels and—and—"

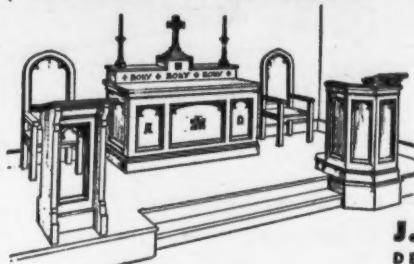
"Sand buckets, apparently," Lola said. "Oh, Marge!"

"P-pop," Brig Brown sputtered suddenly, running through the store and out.

The diggings! It dawned like a thunderbolt, like something she ought to have thought of hours ago. *But why?*

(Continued on page 53)

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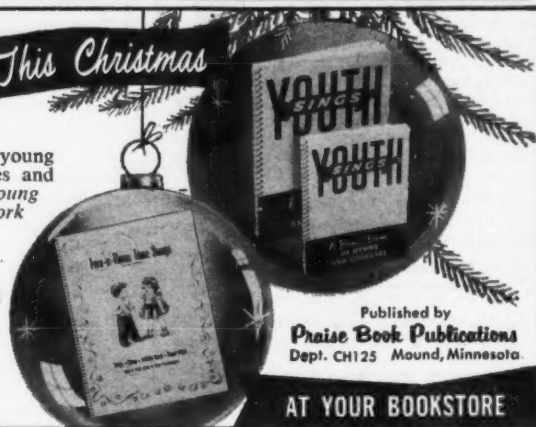
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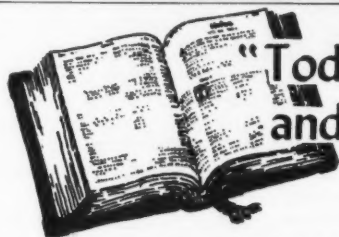
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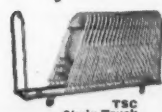


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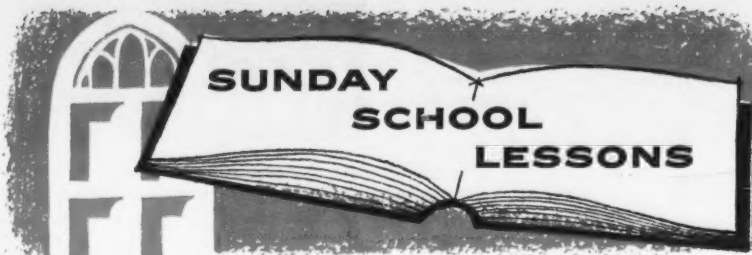
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By Amos John Traver

• Sunday, December 4

MEANING OF DISCIPLESHIP

LUKE 9:23-36

PETER had made a great confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Christ means Messiah. What was the meaning to Peter? It was a great confession but we interpret it from this side of the resurrection. Jesus' disciples still thought of the Messiah as the promised king of a new Jewish empire.

So Jesus led his disciples northward toward Mt. Hermon. They must be warned against any false interpretations of his messiahship. That which happened to His cousin and herald, John, could well happen to each of His disciples. They must think of crosses, not crowns. To follow Jesus was not an easy way, but rough and testing.

How were the disciples to be helped to understand all this? The three closest friends among them, Peter, James and John, were given an experience they would never, never forget. He took them along for a night of prayer on a favorite mountain. No doubt this was Mt. Hermon. There He was transfigured before them.

The hour had struck for a demonstration of divine approval of the way of the cross. These leaders of the twelve needed to be assured that Jesus was the Christ and that the Christ must die for the sins of the world. The snowy peak of Mt. Hermon was never so bright in a midday sun as the face of their Lord just now. His garments were whiter than snow. The disciples must have remembered the holy light that enveloped Moses on Mt. Sinai. More than this, they saw two heroes of their nation's history, Moses, the law-giver, and Elijah, the prophet, talking with Jesus. What was the topic of their conversation? They spoke "of His departure."

Impetuous Peter wanted to prolong the glory of the transfiguration. He suggested building shelters for the three. At least he did not suggest booths for himself and his companions. But it did suggest that Peter was still thinking in other terms than that of the cross. A

voice spoke from Heaven testifying to the Christ. Then the glory-light faded and the visitors were gone, and they "saw no man, save Jesus only." Down the mountain Jesus led them to meet the stark human need of an epileptic boy.

For Jesus the mount of transfiguration was another confirmation of His prophecies of Calvary. Here was encouragement from Heaven for His way of self-forgetful service. For His disciples there was supernatural testimony to Peter's confession, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." There was also testimony for the certainty that Christ must die on the cross. Peter never forgot the transfiguration. Read II Peter 1:16-19.

Questions:

What does bearing a cross mean to a Christian? Dare we speak of "little crosses"? How are a Christian's cross and Christ's cross alike? How different?

• Sunday, December 11

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

LUKE 10:25-37

THE ROAD to Jericho from Jerusalem still winds through a wild, rough country. It winds through sharp, barren rocky hills and deep ravines. When Jesus told the story of the good Samaritan, it was dangerous to travel the road alone, day or night.

A lawyer's question was responsible for the parable. He asked, "Who is my neighbor?" No doubt it had often been a basis for argument among those who enjoyed religious debates. Jesus did not answer the question as the lawyer intended. He did not say who was the man's neighbor but asked the question, "What kind of a neighbor are you?"

The man who was robbed and left half-dead is anonymous. We do not know whether he was Jew, Samaritan or Gentile. We do not know whether he was responsible for his disaster. Perhaps he would not listen to warnings from his friends about the danger of going that way without an armed escort. All we know is that he was wounded and helpless.

Based on International Sunday School Lessons; International Bible Lessons for Christian Teaching; © Division of Christian Education, National Council of Churches of Christ in U.S.A.

Now attention is focused on the travelers down that road. Priest and Levite pass by without offering aid. Were they in a hurry to perform some assigned duty at the temple? Did they feel that the rites of religion were more important than acts of mercy? Or were they just afraid? The robbers might be hiding nearby, ready to pounce on any who stopped to help the wounded man. Whatever their motives, they proved poor neighbors.

Not so the Samaritan. The very choice of a member of this despised race was a reproof to Jewish pride. The Samaritan acted as though nothing was so important as to help the wounded man. Whatever his business, that could wait. Even his own need of security did not stop him. He gave first aid and placed the man on his own donkey and brought him to an inn. Today there is still a ruined inn along the Jericho road about a day's journey from Jerusalem. Having settled the man in a room, he told the innkeeper to look after him till he was able to travel. He would settle the bill on his next trip.

That lawyer wished Jesus had not asked the question. He was on the spot and reluctantly admitted that the good neighbor was the one who showed mercy. Good neighbors are like that today. Unselfish service to those who need what we can do makes us good neighbors. There are no reservations. Race or class, near or far, friend or stranger, responsible for their own condition or innocent victims—wherever there is human need, Christian love leads to merciful works.

Questions:

Someone has suggested that the good Samaritan today would organize a movement to make the Jericho road more safe for travelers. Does Christian mercy demand interest in preventing trouble for our neighbors? Give practical suggestions for preventive mercy in your community. Does a Christian confine his neighborly interest to physical and material needs, or is a good Christian neighbor committed to evangelism?

• Sunday, December 18

JESUS, MAN OF PRAYER

LUKE 3:21-22; 4:42; 5:16; 6:12; 9:18, 28-29; 10:21-22; 11:1-4, 9.

SIX occasions when Jesus prayed are recorded only in Luke: at His baptism; healing a leper; choosing the twelve; at the transfiguration; at Calvary for those who crucified Him; and as He died. Perhaps Luke had a special interest in prayer. Certainly he records more instances of prayer than the other evangelists.

It is not difficult for us to understand why Jesus should pray for others. But why should He pray for Himself? Was He not the perfect Son of God? If He and the Father were one, what need

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was there for prayer? It is puzzling.

We forget the meaning of the incarnation. God sent His Son to become flesh and dwell among us. Jesus was true man, accepting all the limitations of humanity. The temptations in the wilderness illustrate this. He never used divine powers to relieve Himself from the trials common to the lot of man. He would not turn stone into bread when He was hungry. He would not cast Himself down from the temple roof into the crowd to win followers. He would not call on legions of angels to free Him from Pilate. The only time He called on supernatural powers was to help someone else.

So Jesus appealed to his Father-God for strength whenever He faced a testing situation. His will was one with the will of God. He alone could pray in this perfect harmony with God. Prayer was communion. There was no sin to mar this perfect union. Here the prayer life of Jesus differs from ours. We must come to God, repenting of our sins and asking forgiveness. There was no need for repentance in Jesus. He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

If Jesus needed prayer, how much more do we need always to pray. His example is good. We, too, ought never to undertake any important task without asking God's help.

We accept the assurance of Christ that prayer is heard and answered when we pray in faith. We cannot always understand why we do not get what we want when we have prayed. Our part in prayer is to pray. We must leave the answer to God in childlike confidence.

Questions:

What are the relative values of free public prayer and formal prayers that are read? Do we include enough praise and thanksgiving to God in our prayers? What does it mean to pray in the name of Christ? How do we teach children to pray? Can we improve our methods? How can we encourage family prayers?

• Sunday, December 25

SONGS OF

THE SAVIOUR'S BIRTH

LUKE 1:32-33, 46-55; 2:14, 29-32.

POPULAR acceptance of Christmas has its dangers. Not only do we need to do what we can to counteract commercialization, but we need to recognize the deeper meanings of Christ's birth. It is good to make the day happy with gifts for our loved ones and friends. Certainly the day properly honors our children. It should be a joyous day for them. The spirit of unselfishness pervades the air at Christmas time. We are more thoughtful, more considerate. We extend our charity to the poor and needy. We want

everybody to have a Merry Christmas.

All this is good. But we must never forget that the meaning of Christmas lies much deeper. Compare the usual Christmas songs with the three great hymns recorded in Luke 1 and 2. They have been used in the worship of the church through all its history.

Magnificat, Luke 1:46-55. This is Mary's song of thanksgiving for the child she bore. It was sung to her kinswoman Elizabeth. Mary shows her familiarity with the Scriptures of her people. Her song is greatly influenced by the song of Hannah as she brought Samuel to the high priest in dedication to the service of God. Later Mary was to be the first teacher of her son and may be credited with much of Jesus' knowledge of Scripture. While Mary is personally thankful, she is also thankful for Israel. Jesus' birth was proof that God had not forgotten His covenant with Abraham and his posterity.

Benedictus, Luke 1:68-79. Zacharias had been punished with dumbness when he had questioned the promise of a son. On the birth of his child he showed that he believed it was the fulfillment of God's promise and insisted that the child be named John. Then his speech returned and he sang this beautiful hymn of thanksgiving. As with the *Magnificat* it is full of hope of the Messiah. He could think of his son as playing a part in God's plans for Israel. His hope was keyed to the highest patriotic fervor, but he realized that Israel was not an end in itself. It was blessed to be a blessing to the Gentiles, to all the world. John did play his part and heralded Christ to the world.

Nunc Dimittis, Luke 2:29-32. This is the song of an aged saint named Simeon. God had revealed to him that the time for the coming of the Messiah was near. He spent his days in the temple, waiting and hoping. When Joseph and Mary came to the temple with Jesus, Simeon was inspired to recognize that the baby Jesus was the Christ. He held the babe in his arms and sang this song. He is ready to die now; his greatest hopes have been fulfilled.

Can we not find room on our Christmas programs for these great hymns? We who are Christians have a responsibility to lift our celebrations above the popular level. Here is opportunity to give testimony to the deity and destiny of the Bethlehem Babe.

Questions:

What is the Christian meaning of giving Christmas gifts to relatives and friends? Do we make sure that this meaning is expressed with our gifts? What signs of improvement in the spirit of the Christmas celebration can be seen in your community? What more can be done to insure the central place of Christ in plans for His birthday?

CHRISTMAS FEVER

(Continued from page 49)

What had possessed them? "The men—" she said. "Does the search party know?"

Lola nodded. "They're heading that way now."

Cullie was looking at Cass Brown. "I reckon I want to thank you, ma'am," he was saying, "for the Christmas baskets you folks at the trailer camp sent down to the Flats. Ain't a family down there but what needs the stuff plenty, come uranium or no uranium." Marge and Lola were staring at the woman in the wrap-around dress and house slippers—who had hurried after her boy. "Well, some of us got together," she said quietly. "It's hard to know, sometimes, when you're strange, where the greatest need is."

At first there was talk of not having the tableau, but since it was to be outdoors—a series of living pictures high in a frame built against the entrance to the school building—and people could watch from positions on the grounds and from parked cars, it seemed right somehow to go ahead. "That way, everybody will be together, the whole town," Lem Sewell said, "so when news comes—"

It was hard to know who came to see the tableau and who came tense for news. But when—as scenes were being shifted in the frame—men from the searching party began showing, silhouetted in moonlight, over the hill, it was as if the whole town leaned forward, straining, forgetting to breathe. Cass Brown had driven Lola and Marge out, and Marge, in the front seat of the car, stuffed a handkerchief into her mouth to keep from screaming when she saw Ned and Lyle coming toward them—alone.

"It's all right," Ned said, reaching them first. Behind him, Lyle, haggard and worn-looking in the moonlight, reached for Marge's hands. "Your husband and boy found them, Mrs. Brown," he said to Cass.

"They're all right?" It was like a chant.

Lyle nodded, as if his throat were clogged. "We haven't seen them. They beat us here by about two minutes and have gone in through the back door of the school. They—it seems they think they've got to take their parts."

"But Billie Joe's costume—" In some half-hysteria it was all she could think of, hold fast in her mind. The bed sheet nightgown and the purple robe, the turban and the censer—at home!

Lola turned Toby's costume numbly, uselessly, in her lap. Until now Marge hadn't noticed that she had brought it. *Why didn't I have faith enough—* "Your boy," Lyle was saying to Mrs.

(Continued on page 56)



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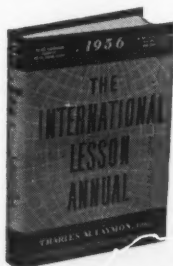
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Myths about the Magi



MITCHELL HOOKS

Does the Bible say there were only three Wise Men and that the star led to the Babe in Bethlehem?

By **WALTER H. MILLER**

THE visit of the Wise Men from the East is one of the most beautiful but most generally distorted stories in the New Testament. The average person will tell you that there were three Wise Men; they went to Bethlehem; at the time of their visit Jesus was a newborn babe; they gathered around His manger and presented their gifts; after they departed, Joseph and Mary, a mother of but a few days, and this newborn babe started for Egypt. Not one of the statements has foundation in the Bible.

The visit of the Wise Men is found only in the Book of Matthew. There is no statement about the number of Magi who paid this visit to see Jesus. Possibly we get the idea of *three* Wise Men from the fact that three different gifts are mentioned.

We are told that the arrival of this company of Magi caused a sensation. All Jerusalem was excited or troubled. Even Herod, the King, was disturbed, and held a private meeting with them. It was upon Herod's orders that a special meeting was called of the chief priests and scribes to search the Scriptures, and determine the answer to their question. This at least suggests a visit far more impressive than three lone travelers stopping to ask directions. There must have been something very momentous about the affair to interest one of the most wicked kings of the time, and summon together a haughty body of religious leaders.

Study of the Scriptures brought out the fact that the Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem. Herod told them to go to Bethlehem—but did they go? "When they had heard the king, they departed; and lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them"—to Bethlehem? It does not say so. If they knew where to go, what need of the star to guide them? Bethlehem was not such a large city that they could not find a newborn baby in the town.

Evidently the star had disappeared, and this caused the Wise Men to stop at Jerusalem and begin to make inquiry. There is the suggestion that after receiving wrong directions from Herod, the star again appeared and set them on the right path. It led them to the place where Jesus, now a young child, not a newborn babe, was living.

THE Bible does not tell us for how long a period of time the Wise Men followed the star after leaving Herod. If Bethlehem was the goal, they could have arrived there in a few hours, but to reach Nazareth would have taken several days.

When they arrived at their destination, the Wise Men found Mary and Jesus in a house. What house? Jesus was not in a house when the shepherds paid their visit. They, not the Wise Men, found Him lying in a manger. Joseph and Mary were not residents of Bethlehem. They had come to pay their taxes. After paying them, and Mary

was sufficiently recovered to travel, they certainly did not linger any longer than necessary.

In the second chapter of Luke we find Joseph, Mary, and Jesus in Jerusalem. They had evidently remained in or near Jerusalem to wait until Mary had completed the days of her purification. From Leviticus 12, we learn that this takes forty-one days.

Here is definite proof that Jesus was in Jerusalem at the age of forty-one days. The family had remained until "they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord." After which "they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth."

Joseph took his family back to Nazareth. He had no further business in Bethlehem; Nazareth was his home. He lived in a house, and had a business at Nazareth. The Wise Men found Jesus in a house. The star had led them to the place where Jesus was to be found. He was no longer a newborn baby, but a young child.

Herod, after he discovered that the Wise Men were not coming back to Jerusalem, ordered all the children in Bethlehem put to death—children two years old and under. Why? "According to the time which he had diligently inquired of the Wise Men." Herod was looking for a young child, a boy under two years of age, not a baby.

Immediately after the visit of the Magi, while he was asleep, an angel appeared to Joseph and warned him to flee into Egypt. The message was so urgent that Joseph arose, and so the context indicates, that very night packed and left for Egypt before daylight. Certainly he did not wait around either Bethlehem or Jerusalem for nearly two years!

The facts about the Magi, as told in Scripture, are more exciting than the myths about the Magi. THE END

GIFT WRAPPED

(Continued from page 39)

isfy the recipients. There was nothing hypocritically lavish in the lot. For my husband and daughter, who mean more to me than life itself, a bit of prodigality was in order—a fine pen for one and for the other a stylishly plaid-lined raincoat "like all the girls are wearing." The fact that both items were needed took away the stigma of extravagance.

A second pile, more shining, more Christmasy, stood by the wrapped presents. Composed of intangibles and created by warm remembrance of the spiritual needs of my loved ones, this was discernible even to me. But at that luminous moment, this second heap possessed more reality than the other. For the first time in years, I knew that Christ had figured importantly in my Christmas giving. END

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CHRISTMAS FEVER

(Continued from page 53)

Brown, "happened to think about a particular boring he had told the boys about when they questioned him yesterday. A place his pop—"

"But why," Marge cried. "Why—"

Someone was shushing her, pointing toward the high frame against the school, lighted now for the next scene. Mary. Joseph. The manger. And, moving into the light, three figures covered hastily in red robes from the school's choir room. One boy clean and thin and shining, and two whose hair licked up where wash cloths had moved swiftly across their faces. *Miss Teague—frantic, trying.* Four scrubby hands held out, proud, in their gifts to the Christ Child. Gifts swollen and lumpy in the glare of the light—

No!

Just as a murmur of relief from tension had swept over the crowd earlier, a gasp came now. The gasp of all Swanton, seeing the gift thought priceless—fine above all others—to be given to the Child!

For stunned seconds, the living picture trembled before them, naked and unrehearsed. A child's watching, and sensing, and interpreting—unfolded. *Uranium ore.* The gift above all others. The thing they heard talked of in every waking moment. That had taken over their homes, their parents' lives—

It was as if the picture ballooned, throbbing, getting somehow bigger than life, and, all around, cars and grounds and people shrank. Lyle's face, Marge noticed, was chalky where it had been only gray before.

It was Cass Brown who made a feeble effort to break the spell. "Brig's robe," she said to the four of them. "Two weeks ago I made a handsome one. But he was afraid it wouldn't be exactly like the others. So today I made another—he wanted to be identical, every detail."

"Isn't it strange," Ned Haynes was saying slowly, "that he should be the one of the three *not* to think—"

And on the way home, with Billie Joe dead tired and asleep in the back seat, Lyle said, as if reaching for a straw, "There's one good way of looking at it, at least. They were bringing it to the Prince of Peace—a suggestion that it should be used for peaceful purposes—"

Marge swallowed. "That's a noble thought." Her voice swelled, then flattened. "But I don't think they had it—do you?"

"No," he said, the word dying quietly. "No, I don't."

It was after they had undressed and Lyle was setting the alarm for getting up to put things under the tree, that

(Continued on page 65)

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Fruitcake can be both decorative and delicious for that special holiday tea.

A Gingerbread and Fruitcake Christmas

CHRISTMAS baking speaks of holiday hospitality in the home. Why shouldn't it spell church hospitality as well? It is from charming little customs repeated year after year until they become habit that the best Christmas traditions grow.

In the home of a member of the Asbury Methodist Church, Crestwood, N. Y., a delightful tradition has been developing in the last few years. It is one which you might happily copy in your church foyer or Sunday school room. And, who knows? It may become a tradition with you, too.

Each year Mrs. C. E. Ammann designs a scene for her mantelpiece made of gingerbread and other edibles. The scene always includes a container for extra cookies or gin-

gerbread figures to pass out to those who come to view it.

A village shopping center at Christmas was her scene last year. On the roof of the "Emporium" there were Christmas trees "for sale." This gave her an opportunity to have plenty of ginger Christmas trees stacked up for gifts, while the rest of the scene remained intact. It included marzipan fruits and vegetables in the grocery store, a cookie barber's chair in the barber shop and a peppermint candy stick barber pole outside. A licorice rain spout ran down the side of one building into a gingerbread rain barrel. There was a gingerbread Santa Claus ringing a bell beside a peppermint stick tripod supporting a bag of gold-paper-wrapped chocolate coins. Lollipops and gum-

How to Decorate with Soapsuds



Left: Whipped, dry soapsuds look like snow. Decorating the Sunday school for Christmas with these suds is fun for the youngsters. To make the "snow" add a minimum of warm water to soap (or detergent) in a bowl. Stir together, then whip with eggbeater or electric mixer until the suds are "dry" and the consistency of thick meringue. Once hardened, it won't melt; is easily wiped off.

Right: Let the little ones cut big block letters saying "Merry Christmas" out of cardboard. Apply soapsud "snow," sprinkle with glitter dust or tiny sequins. When dry, hang with miniature clothespins to a line strung along the wall or over door.



Right: Put a snowfall of suds on Christmas wreaths. Fasten garlands where desired; arm tots with long handled wooden spoons and let them drift on gobs of suds in little peaks. Sprinkle glitter dust on suds; the effect will be fresh and sparkling snow.



Apply suds to Christmas trees. Work from trunk outward to the branch tips, from the tree top down to base. Glitter dust on soapsuds will catch the light and glisten like new-fallen snow. Also, let children use suds to paint decorations on windows or mirrors. When you take it off after Christmas, you wash the glass too!

drops made trees supported in marshmallow stands, with a gingerbread man leaning against one of them waiting for his wife to finish shopping. Gingerbread mail box and fire hydrant added to the scene. Windows were put in stores and houses by gluing pieces of cellophane in back. Window decorations were painted on in colored frosting—holly wreaths and candles.

Each succeeding year Mrs. Ammann's displays have become more imaginative and detailed since the first year when she erected a gingerbread house, with gingerbread Hansel and Gretel outside, and a forest of gingerbread Christmas trees from which guests might take their pick.

A rooftop scene with Santa Claus standing beside a gingerbread chimney came next. Mrs. Ammann made a gingerbread sleigh by baking the bottom over a dome-shaped piece of sheet metal so that it would bake in a curve to hold the assorted cookies she wanted to offer her guests. Eight gingerbread reindeer with delicate cookie antlers stood quietly waiting. Next year it was a gingerbread factory with gingerbread snowmen and ponies emerging from the building. A Dutch scene with a gingerbread windmill and gingerbread arms that actually revolved was a great success. One side of the mill represented winter with Dutch boys skating on a mirror lake. The other side represented summer with Dutch girls picking tulips made of "dot" candy turned upside down and stuck into spearmint leaves. Dutch boy and girl cookies were the giveaways that year, and their frosting clothes were in gay colors.

YOUR own ingenuity will suggest the scene you'd like to create. Perhaps you'd like a gingerbread reproduction of your church school, with gingerbread boys and girls and a Christmas tree in the yard. Perhaps you could make a gingerbread crèche, complete with animals, shepherds and wise men. Or a church scene with night sky in the background and carolers singing before the lighted doors.

You can get your designs from magazines, story books, or newspapers. Transfer these pictures with carbon paper to lightweight cardboard (laundry shirt boards will do nicely) and cut out the silhouette. To transfer a pattern, have the dough rolled thin, lay the pattern on it and outline with the sharp point of a paring knife. Lift the pattern; cut free the dough. Fold the main portion of the dough back from the silhouette, then with a spatula or pancake turner lift the gingerbread figure to the pan. To make your gingerbread man look like he's running, bend arms and legs in proper position before baking. Draw in a few of the

features as a guide for the decorations.

Mrs. Ammann makes up the dough a week or two ahead of time, and rolls it into small balls for easier handling. Then, whenever she has a free evening, it is ready to work into shapes for the gingerbread scene. You could give each member of your group a portion of the dough to work with and a different part of the scene to cut out.

Raisins, nuts, angelica, citron, candied peel, candied seeds of anise or cardamom should go on before baking. Colored sugars and sprinklers are added while the cookie is still oven warm. Icings are added after the cut-out cools. To make features and fine lines with icings use a toothpick. Icings may be all colors, the gayer the better. Mrs. Ammann frosts with white icing, and later dips a paint brush in food coloring and paints over the icing to get desired colors. She finds this easier than coloring up different batches of icing, especially when only tiny surfaces are involved. You can make up your mind at the last minute what color you want to use, too.

A man's steady hand is useful when it comes to gluing the buildings together and making the walls straight and true. Sugar-syrup "glue" can be made by melting 2 cups of granulated sugar in a heavy shallow skillet using lowest heat. Stir constantly while melting, so it won't burn. Keep syrup on medium heat while you use it. Or, use an icing of confectioner's sugar, water and egg whites to glue pieces together. Mrs. Ammann sets her arrangements on a layer of white cotton "snow." For special effects you can use cellophane as glass in clear windows—colored cellophane for stained glass. A small flashlight tucked inside a main building gives a pretty night-time effect.

Herewith a recipe for gingerbread dough suitable for cookie scenes:

GINGERBREAD COOKIE DOUGH

Sifted enriched flour.....	5 cups
Soda.....	1 teaspoon
Salt.....	1 teaspoon
Nutmeg.....	1 teaspoon
Ginger.....	3 teaspoons
Shortening.....	1 cup
Sugar.....	1 cup
Unsulphured molasses.....	1 cup

Sift together first five ingredients. Melt shortening in a saucepan large enough for mixing dough. Add sugar and molasses; mix well. Gradually stir in four cups flour mixture with a spoon. Work in the remaining one cup flour mixture with hands. Although this dough may appear a little crumbly, do not add milk or water. Roll, cut and bake at 375° F.

This is enough dough to make one building. You will need additional for figures, trees and other buildings you may wish to make.—*Courtesy American Molasses Co.*

(Continued on next page)



Social of the Month

Make it a Bell Party

HEAR YE! Hear YE! Come one. Come all. Bring your bells—and belles—and join in the fun! Admission to the party will be one bell per person. (You take them home afterwards.) There will be prizes for the most unique bell, the biggest bell, the littlest bell, the sweetest bell and the funniest bell. And—we will elect a 'belle of the evening.'

An outline of a town crier ringing a bell makes a clever background for this invitation, which may be sent in mimeograph form.

Provide name stickers to attach to bells until it is time to reclaim them. Display bells on a large table. A group of three judges should decide who will receive the awards. Let everyone sit down in a circle while a clever speaker introduces each entry, telling what sort of bell it is, and giving it a trial ring. He will end by a witty presentation of awards to owners of the winning bells. Keep prizes simple.

A program prepared in advance may consist of solos or duets using any songs or poems about bells, such as "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day," "The Bells of St. Mary's," "Ding Dong Bell, Pussy's in the Well," "Frère Jacques." "The Bells" by Poe may be recited or read with sound effects from another room.

If it is a family night affair and little children are included, have someone play "Jingle Bells" and let all the little ones present perform as "reindeer," wearing small bells tied to ankles and wrists. Perhaps you would like to get up a lively orchestra, dividing the crowd into several groups, and giving each person the bell he brought. While the pianist plays a tune, a director will indicate when each group is to sound its bells in time with the music. Or let different groups act out different types of bells for the others to guess—school bells, wedding bells, Liberty Bell, fire bell, church bell, dinner bell, sleigh bells.

WHILE votes are being cast and counted for "belle of the evening," let guests try their skill at a game of "Bell Ringer." A wire clotheshanger may be bent into circular position, and a bell suspended from the center. Hang this in an open doorway or other suitable place to within four or five feet from the floor. Supply a small rubber ball or tennis ball and let guests try tossing the ball through the hoop without ringing the bell from a distance of eight to fifteen feet. Give each person five trials, and count ten points for getting the ball through the hoop and 20 points if it goes through without ringing the bell.

Decorations will be bells of one

(Continued on page 61)

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Or, you may prefer to use the gingerbread cookie dough in simpler ways. Make it into figures to decorate a Christmas tree. Have a party and seat youngsters around a big table with colored icings, candy sprinklers and other trimmings. Let them decorate the cookies to take home for their own tree, or to provide a tree for the local orphanage. Make a large gingerbread cookie wreath and decorate it with icing, candied fruits, marzipan and silver candies. Hang by a wide ribbon in a window or door for an unusual decoration.

Baking fruit cake is another holiday activity for your church kitchen. Fruitcake offers many possibilities for church hospitality. Bake it in tiny pans, wrap and heap them in a salad bowl handy in the minister's office—nice for him to give to callers. Make up one-pound size cakes to send to members who have moved away recently. Send them to your shut-ins, too. Make up a larger size in coffee cans to send to each boy from your church family who is in the service of his country this Christmastime. And while you're at it, make up a good big cake or two to cut and serve at your group's Christmas meeting, for a guest tea, or to give your pastor's family. Make various sizes to sell at your bazaar.

Fruitcake baking can be a lot of fun for a church group. Cutting up the shiny fruits around a big table is a happy and congenial task, and when this is done the day ahead, mixing and baking the cakes is simple; particularly if the pans have been prepared ahead

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of time, too. This makes a good division of the work: one group to prepare nuts and fruits, another to prepare pans, and a third to mix and bake. Even those who cannot get away to work in the church kitchen can do some of the before-hand preparation in their own homes.

Our "California Fruitcake" recipe this month, below, makes 15 pounds of delicious eating. It's suitable for your uses, because it can be baked in a variety of containers, such as coffee cans, casserole dishes and small loaf pans, as well as the more traditional 10-inch tube pans.

To line a round pan, cut two circles of heavy brown wrapping paper—enough larger than the pan that the edges extend half an inch (see picture). Slit the paper in several places so it overlaps smoothly when fitted into

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the pan. Grease well; then repeat with waxed paper.

To line a loaf pan, cut a rectangle from two thicknesses of brown paper; place the pan in the center. Then clip in as far as the pan from each corner of the paper. The ends will overlap when fitted into the pan (see picture). Grease and repeat with waxed paper. Smooth-fitting pan linings mean unwrinkled cakes!

Be sure to trim cakes attractively with fruits and nuts. Wrap in aluminum foil to keep moist, and pack in colorful holiday boxes.

BELL PARTY

(Continued from page 59)

sort or another, large and small, tied with big ribbon bows. You can make your own bells of crepe paper or aluminum foil pie pans, twisted into shape, or you can buy them.—Party suggested by ideas from Mrs. A. A. Dykstra, Rock Valley, Iowa.

Large Quantity Recipe File

CALIFORNIA FRUITCAKE (15 pounds)

Prunes	2 c	Vanilla	1 T
Fresh dates	2 c	Ground cloves	1 1/2 t
Dried apricots	2 c	Allspice	1 t
Candied cherries, sliced	3 c	Mace	1 t
Candied pineapple, sliced	2 c	Cardamom	1 t
Citron, sliced	4 c	Cinnamon	3 t
Preserved orange peel, sliced	1 1/2 c	Salt	3 t
Preserved lemon peel, sliced	1 c	Margarine or shortening	2 1/4 c
Walnuts, broken	2 c	Sugar	2 1/2 c
Unblanched almonds, chopped	2 c	Eggs	12
Honey	1 1/2 c	Sifted all-purpose flour	6 1/2 c
Pineapple juice	3/4 c	Baking powder	2 t
Orange marmalade, thick	1 c	Soda	1 t

Steam prunes to soften; cut from pits into small pieces. Pit and slice dates. Rinse apricots, dry, and cut in strips. Combine fruits, citron, peels, nuts, honey, pineapple juice, marmalade. Let stand overnight. Cream together margarine and sugar. Beat in eggs one at a time. Sift together flour, baking powder and soda. Add about half of flour to creamed mixture, and blend thoroughly. Add half of the fruit mixture and mix. Add remaining flour and fruit alternately, and stir until fruit is evenly distributed. Turn into pans lined with two thicknesses of greased brown paper and one thickness greased waxed paper. Bake in slow oven (300°F.) about 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 hours, depending on size of pans. Cool in pans. Cake should ripen several weeks before cutting.

Makes about 15 pounds. This will fill 1 (8-inch) tube pan, 1 (9 x 5 x 3 inch) loaf pan, 1 (1-quart) casserole, 1 (1-pound) coffee can, 2 (No. 1 tall) cans, 2 (2 1/2 x 5 1/2 x 3 inch) loaf pans.



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LOOK YE TO THE EAST

(Continued from page 20)

of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

Lemuel, the scoffer, covered his face, there on the hillside—the glory was too great. But the oldest shepherd, with his eyes raised, saw that the sky was filled with a heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And then, as quickly as they had come, the angels had disappeared—and the oldest shepherd spoke.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem," he said, "and see this thing which the Lord hath made known unto us."

Lemuel muttered, "Our sheep. What if wolves come prowling? What if a pariah dog, wild with hunger, should devour our flocks?" He had said the same words to young Simeon only a matter of minutes earlier, but the oldest shepherd shook his head.

"Our flocks will be safe," he said. "This is a holy night. Even a wolf would hold back from our flocks; even a pariah dog would slink away." His trembling aged hands were gathering his mantle closer about him. "We must go at once," he said, "while the sky is still light." He started down the hillside, then paused—

"It's a pity," he said, "that Simeon may not share in this miracle. He is so young, it would be something for him to remember all his days."

But Simeon—so young, so frightened—was in the midst of his own personal miracle. In a tiny cottage in the valley he knelt beside a tumbled bed, and stared at the girl who held a squirming bundle in her arms.

"I was so afraid, Simeon," she said, "here in the darkness, before you came. I thought, 'How can I bear my child, all alone, in the darkness?' I thought, 'What if my husband comes down from the hillside, in the morning, and finds me dead, and our child dead beside me?'"

Simeon muttered, "Don't, Ruth—don't say such a thing! It's all over now."

Ruth whispered, "You wanted a boy so badly, and I've given you a girl child."

Simeon's hand reached out to brush back the hair from his wife's damp brow. He told her, "I thought I wanted a boy; until I saw our little girl—and now I know it's a girl I wanted. As she grows older she'll be a companion to you during the long nights I'm away."

"During the long nights—while you're away." Ruth's voice strengthened suddenly. "I was so afraid, Simeon," she said, "in the darkness. And

then, just as you stepped across the threshold, the light came—that glorious, searching light. I'd been praying," she told him, "alone in the darkness—and then you and the light came together."

"It's all right now," Simeon soothed.

"Some people," Ruth told him, "say that prayers are not answered. They say that Jehovah doesn't listen when simple folk like us, Simeon, utter prayers. But He *does* listen, Simeon—her voice rose, not shrill but triumphant. "He listens to simple folks—to the poor ones. He sent His light to comfort me in my hour of pain and trial. He answered my prayer." Her voice became a mere thread of sound.

"When my baby was born," she said, "I thought I heard singing. Did you hear it up on the hillside, Simeon?"

Simeon answered slowly. "Perhaps I did," he said, "but I wouldn't know, for certain. I was thinking only of you, darling."

"I'm drowsy, Simeon—I've never been so drowsy."

FROM out of the bundle that lay beside his wife, Simeon saw a little hand raised—a pink star-shaped hand. He bent over and kissed a tiny finger and saw that his wife was already asleep.

Word ran swiftly through the village the next day, but all day Simeon was busy at home, doing work that was foreign to him—performing a woman's tasks gently and efficiently. He hoped that Lemuel and the other shepherds would never know that he'd been staying close to the cottage, through the hours, making soup for his wife, washing out bed linen, tending a newborn daughter. Usually he slept during the day, but this was an exception.

It was a tired young man who climbed the hill when twilight was fading into night. He'd expected to be the first shepherd to appear, but the others were there before him.

Lemuel, the cynic, was pointing toward the sky. "It was in that precise spot," he argued, "that the star blossomed at midnight. In that *exact* spot."

One of the other shepherds shook his head, "No," he said, "it was slightly to the left, Lemuel."

"You're crazy," Lemuel objected. "I saw fifty angels if I saw one."

But the other shepherd said, "I counted only forty-nine, and I tell you the star was to the left."

The oldest shepherd spoke sadly. "You'll even argue," he said, "about holy things." And then, "Well, Simeon, how is your wife?"

Simeon told him, proudly, "Our baby was born last night. And believe it or not, our whole cottage was as

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bright as day, and Ruth thought she heard the sound of singing. We have a little daughter"—his voice was defiant—"and I'm glad. The first child should be a girl-child—she can help tend the littler ones as they come along."

Lemuel said, "That's youth, every time—making the best of a bad bargain! Well, you missed it last night, Simeon—going to your wife. Tell him the story, grandsire. Tell him that angels spoke to us, last night. They gave a message of peace on earth, good will toward men."

The oldest shepherd sighed. "You've forgotten most of it already," he said, "you and the others—squabbling about the exact position of the star, and the number of the heavenly host. Be still while I tell Simeon the story."

And so, simply and tenderly, the oldest shepherd told the story of the star in the east and of the road of light that led to the stable, and of Mary, who'd held a Baby King in her arms.

And when the old man had finished, Simeon spoke huskily. "I was the only one who didn't kneel in worship," he said, "the only one! And yet I'm sure the baby's mother would not blame me. She would understand!"

The oldest shepherd reached over and patted young Simeon's thin shoulder. "Look, Simeon," he said, "last night we promised to watch your flocks, and then we left your flocks, and our own, too—and went down to the stable of the inn. This night I will keep my promise. Go down to the inn alone and see the holy Babe."

Lemuel laughed. "You daren't go alone," he said, but Simeon's face was working and his voice was husky.

"I have two reasons for going to the stable of the inn," he said. "I'll be back as soon as possible."

So, groping down the hillside—no longer bright with the reflection of a star—Simeon came to the valley and he found the road that led to the inn. But as he came close to the stable he heard the sound of singing, and though it wasn't an angel's song it was almost sweeter—for a mother was singing a lullaby. Reverently he crossed the threshold and stood staring at the young woman—as young as his own Ruth—who held a baby in her arms. She smiled at him from across the baby's fuzzy head and he smiled back and dropped to his knees, and words of adoration tumbled from his heart.

"I am a shepherd," he explained after a while, "but I did not come with the others last night because my own wife was having a child—our first—and she needed me. Before ever the star appeared in the sky I went down to the valley to be with her in her hour of trial. And as I entered our cottage it was filled with light—"

(Continued on next page)

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He hesitated, and the mother of Jesus said, "Go on, shepherd. Tell me the rest."

So Simeon went on. "Ruth, my wife," he said, "had not expected me back until dawn and she was afraid. She'd been praying, for months, to have the baby by daylight, when I could be with her—and here she was, alone in the darkness, and she prayed again. And—but I've already told you! As I entered our cottage it was filled with light—"

Simeon's voice was hoarse. "Ruth thought that the light was the answer to her prayer," he managed. "She thought it was her light, sent to comfort and to bless. But when I go home to her, tomorrow morning, I will tell her about the Baby King. And others—all of the townspeople, sooner or later—will tell her about the miracle that ushered in His birth."

The mother of Jesus asked, "Your name is—?"

"Simeon," the young shepherd told her, and the girl who held her baby said, "Go on, Simeon."

Simeon's knees were pressed hard into the earthen floor of the stable, his hands clenched tightly.

"Was—" he began hesitantly, "was

the light for your Son alone? Must I tell her that?" He lifted his eyes, then dropped them in confusion. "No, I should not think such thoughts. The angels spoke of your Babe, not of ours."

The mother of Jesus said gently, "Simeon, everything beautiful should be shared. Light is beautiful and love is beautiful. Your baby and mine have opened a door together. Of course, the light was for your child, too. Look into my Baby's face, Simeon—see, He's smiling. And now, go in peace."

IT was dawn—bright dawn—when Simeon, who had not slept for thirty-six hours, came into the cottage, but Ruth was awake, with her baby in her arms. The flush of the dawn-time sky was in her cheeks and her eyes were bright as she lifted them to his.

"All night long," she said, "I've been awake. I've been looking at our babe and in my heart I have been pondering many things. Where will she go, Simeon? What will she do? Whom will she marry? She's so tiny, now—there's such a long life ahead of her. What will we name her, Simeon?"

Simeon said, "I think we will name her Mary." He added, "Ruth, I have a wonderful story to tell you." THE END

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE

(Continued from page 6)

sion. The trainmen caught it and visited and joked with the passengers. All the way across the country, we seemed to be on some sort of a picnic.

Of the many interesting people in our car I was particularly interested in an elderly lady who sat near me. She was making the trip across the country for the first time, her destination Sacramento, California. She told me of her home town in northern Illinois, of her friends, her family, and her son in California with whom she was spending the Christmas season. I liked her more and more. She was such a kindly little old lady, and yet there was something that puzzled me. Nothing tangible that I could put my finger on, just a faint, discordant note to the general spirit that prevailed throughout the car. I felt that she was not entirely happy in her anticipation of her visit to her son. I found myself feeling sorry for her, though I did not know why.

As I helped her off the train at Sacramento, I looked around, curious to see her son. She looked hopefully and, I thought, a bit wistfully into the crowd. Finally she saw him and waved her hand. A well-dressed young man appeared, walking slowly—too slowly, I thought. I said to myself, "He isn't very glad to see her," and I was saddened. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him but his response was somewhat cold and I noticed that

he did not kiss her. She introduced me, I made some light remark about taking care of his mother across the country, he shook my hand limply, and we parted.

As I took my seat in the car, I saw them disappearing in the crowd. I sat and wondered how any son could meet his mother without warmth on the day before Christmas. It was plain that his mother wasn't welcome. This was the one discordant note that I observed on the entire trip.

By the time the train reached the Oakland Pier, in the early evening, my somber thoughts had given way to lighter ones. This was the end of the journey, by train. We had only to be ferried across the bay to San Francisco. Here was a repetition of what we had observed all the way across the country, but multiplied many times. Pandemonium prevailed. Apparently, three different trains had arrived at the terminal at about the same time. Bells were clanging, steam was hissing, people were greeting each other with joyful shouts, trainmen and workers were running to and fro and yelling at the tops of their voices, crowds of people were rushing along toward the ferry, and almost everyone was loaded down with packages and parcels of all sizes and descriptions. Trucks were banging and pounding over the tracks and one had to keep a sharp look-out to avoid

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being run over. The whole great area was filled with the most unearthly clang and clatter imaginable. It was both amusing and incongruous. I stepped out of that stream of humanity to watch the passing show and listen to the din.

To my surprise, as I stood there in the gathering twilight, I heard another sound. It was the sound of beautiful music. As I listened it became more and more distinct until, for me, it stood out more clearly than all the rush of the moving crowds and the roar of machinery.

Somewhere in that great building, a quartet of lovely voices was singing "Silent Night, Holy Night" over and over again. Steadily and insistently that melody poured down from above and tried to drown out the hoarse and raucous sounds below.

How strange it all seemed! Below, the wild turbulence! Above, the angel's song that Christ was born!

At first, the song seemed to have little influence. All were too intent upon their own affairs. Few heard the song. Apparently its message was lost, but as the ferryboat pulled away from the dock, the noises were left behind and only the music could be heard, faint but clear.

As we looked out across the bay at the twinkling lights of the great city, a quiet seemed to fall upon us all. The angel's song had conquered the noises of the street. The Christmas spirit was in all our hearts.

As I sat looking out across the dark water, I thought of that little old lady in Sacramento and wondered whether she, too, had found the Christmas spirit. I hoped so, for it was Christmas Eve.

THE END

CHRISTMAS FEVER

(Continued from page 56)

the telephone on the desk shrilled and she had picked it up and answered before she stopped to think how late it was for anyone to be calling.

"Lyle," she called up the stairway.

From the way he talked she could tell—the assay reports were in. In a minute he would have the news that for weeks now all the town had waited to hear. She could tell it by the words he used, not by the tone of his voice. For the fever was gone from it now, and the grasping.

That was why she knew, going back up the stairs, not waiting to hear, that it could no longer make any real difference. Either way—a bonanza or a crop—per—they could take it in stride.

She parted the window curtains. Snow—the flakes so far apart yet that you could count them—had started falling. It was going to be—Christmas.

THE END

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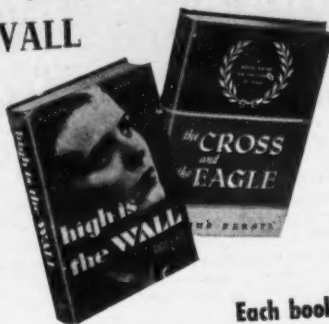
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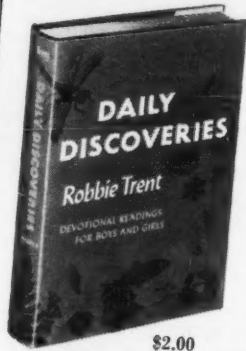
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Helen Keller is already an immortal. Her life story is a veritable saga of physical, intellectual and spiritual triumph. On these pages she pays an eloquent tribute to Anne Sullivan, her teacher. But while the teacher is given her worthy place, and while glory is upon her, Helen Keller unwittingly reveals herself in her true and heroic proportions. The quality of this writing is superlative. January selection of Christian Herald's Family Bookshelf.

ESTHER, by Nathaniel Norsen Weinreb (Doubleday, 316 pp., \$3.95).

This dramatic, eloquent novel is authentic and historical, and it reads with the sweep of fiction at its best. Esther, the queen, is a fabulous character and on these pages she comes alive and assumes all those proportions with which only a great story teller is competent to endow heroes and heroines. The winning of the monarch's heart, the setting aside of court etiquette, the challenging of tradition that invited death, are only a segment of the whole, but they are woven into a fabric for womanhood that clothes her in a garment of glory. The Bible story, which is one of the great classics of all literature, is never violated but becomes luminous for the eyes and minds of its readers. A novel of achievement.

STILLMEADOW DAYBOOK, by Gladys Taber (Lippincott, 274 pp., \$3.95).

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CHRISTMAS—Vol. 25, by R. E. Haugan (Augsburg, paper, \$1.25; cloth, \$2.50).

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istically beautiful—and this time even more beautiful. The inside cover is an illuminated map of the Holy Land, something entirely different. There are four-color pictures of the Nativity, the Wise Men, and the Journey into Egypt. Reproductions of sacred art are intermingled with illustrations of contemporary Christmas life in Romania, France, Italy, England, Denmark and Austria. Historic events of the Christmas season are given special editorial treatment in a unique holiday calendar. The lovely volume closes with three illuminated Christmas carols, a haunting little story and a poem by Grace Noll Crowell.

HENTZ, by Harriet H. Houser (Macmillan, 235 pp., \$3.50).

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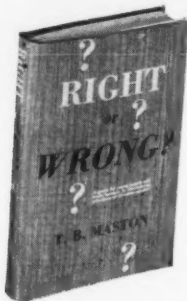
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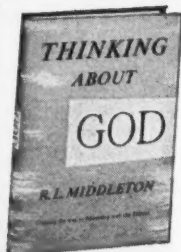
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COMPASSION

(Continued from page 21)

philosopher. Then one day he read an account of the Congo natives and their miserable plight. Since by nature he had to "feel with" them, he had also to take action for them. He abandoned fame and security to become a doctor among them, sharing their hardships and suffering. He brought them not only Christian faith but also Christian compassion.

Those of us who are not born with compassion can acquire it either by way of our imagination or through our own experience. The son of a friend of mine was a "problem child." He seemed to take delight in inflicting pain on animals and schoolmates weaker than himself. Then one day he fell and broke his hip, and had to endure long months of pain and helplessness in a plaster cast. He was never cruel again.

Education can help us. It can also, if it is the wrong kind of education, turn our decent human instincts into inhuman channels. Many years ago I was in Moscow and being motored round to see the sights by a young Russian guide. Suddenly a shabby old woman appeared in the road ahead. What differentiated her from the other shabby women was her hat—a pitiful wreck of a hat, but she wore it as a besieged and doomed garrison carries aloft its defiant, tattered flag. My guide swerved his car as though to run her down, and she scuttled frantically to the sidewalk. I have never forgotten the look of fear and anguish on the starved old face, lifted to us for a moment, as we flashed ruthlessly by.

"Why did you frighten her like that?" I asked indignantly. My guide laughed. "Why not? Only the old bourgeoisie wear hats. They're vermin. They ought to be exterminated."

He wasn't a bad young man—not, I think, naturally cruel. But his Communist upbringing had taught him that cruelty to those whose ideas opposed his was entirely justified—it wasn't even cruel.

It was Jane Addams who observed that the best educated person is one who can put himself in the place of the largest number of people. Dr. Todhunter Hall, college president in the TV program, "The Halls of Ivy," says shrewdly, "Young people are children callously pulling off the wings of butterflies. The chief purpose of education is to impart an understanding of the butterfly's point of view."

It is surely because education has taught so much of everything else and left compassion to chance, that so many of our children have become a prey to their own unthinking and unimaginative callousness. If in the home and in school youngsters were taught

that the hallmark of true distinction was a generous compassion, setting its wearer above the football hero, the gang leader or the top student in the class, we might have a different juvenile situation to handle.

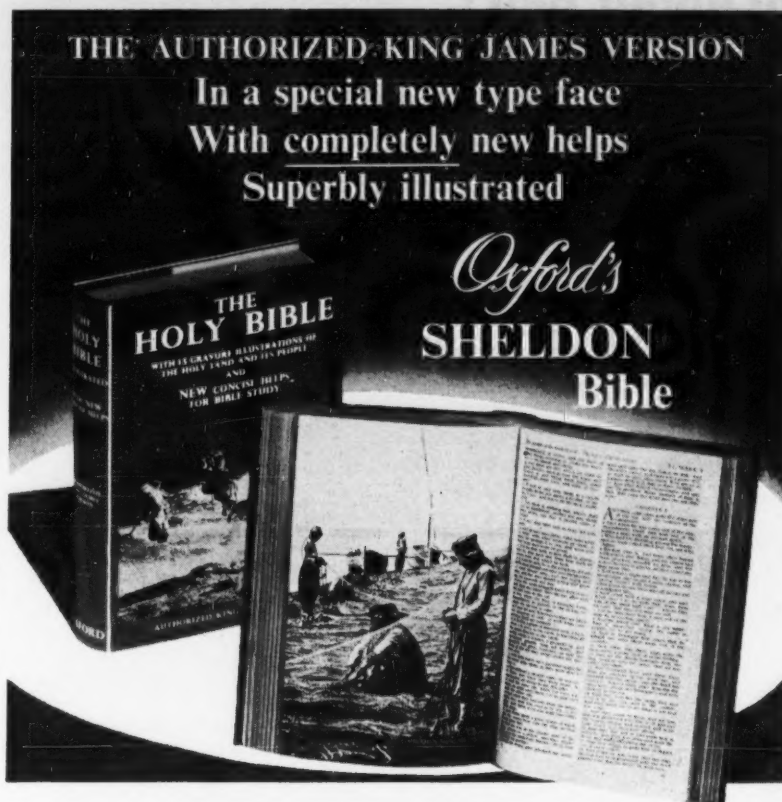
John Ruskin suggested that "Compassion is to be taught chiefly by making it a point of honor, as with courage . . . so that . . . it shall be held as shameful to have done a cruel thing as a cowardly one."

It is not only children who must strive to learn compassion. Like gardeners we must all work every day of our lives to keep out the weeds of callousness and intolerance. I have my own small way of dealing with encroaching hardness of heart. I remind myself, when I am harsh in my judgment, that whoever I am judging says "I" to himself. He is an "I" like me. He says, "I suffer. I am happy. I am unhappy. One of these days I am going to die." And by this trick—if you like to call it that—I effect a sort of transference. For the moment I become that other "I" and my judgment softens, my harshness turns to compassionate understanding.

It is worth while to value compassion, for so much of our individual happiness depends on it—the success of friendship, marriage, parenthood, employer-employee relationships. How many young people start life together with confidence and high purpose, only to seek divorce because one of them lacked that compassion which "feels" how a quick temper, a rough word or an irritating mannerism can fray nerves to the breaking point. There is the story of a great musician whose wife had a trick of humming to herself—and not always in tune. She was impatient with his exasperation over what seemed to her a triviality—and amazed and brokenhearted at his final desertion. It was not the habit itself which had destroyed their marriage, but the fact that she had not known how to "suffer with him" in the way he suffered.

Compassion is the rich soil from which springs a civilized life. When we are courteous, when we give way to others, when we expend ourselves in their relief and comfort, when we are generous and forbearing with their foibles and weaknesses, we are at least displaying the outward and visible signs of compassion. And we are well rewarded. For compassion begets compassion, as courtesy begets courtesy. How gladly we welcome it! How our heart is moved by a stranger's courtesy and helpfulness which sends us on our way with a sense of friendliness to the whole world, bathed now by the sunlight and warmth of a common humanity.

A compassionate man, whatever his



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9 And the king of Israel and Jehoshaphat king of Judah sat either of them on his throne, clothed in their robes, and they sat in a void place at the entering in of the gate of Samaria; and all the prophets prophesied before them.

Micaiah, and carry him back to the governor of the city, and to Joash the son;

26 And say, Thus saith the king, fellow in the prison, and feed bread of affliction and with water

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race and creed, is a man after Christ's own heart. Stories are told of the Saracen warrior Saladin who, when he was fighting the Crusaders, would release wounded prisoners, restore husbands to their wives and send captured women who were about to give birth, under safe escort, to their own people. He was setting an example of Christianity to his Christian enemies.

I remember one day visiting an old English graveyard which had grave markers that went back several hundred years. Among the inscriptions on the weathered tombstones was one that for some reason had been kept clean and legible. It said merely, "He was compassionate." And I thought, whoever this long-dead stranger might have been—whether in a worldly sense he had been a failure or a success—he had been a beloved and happy man. And, since I stood there, reading that proud but simple epitaph, he was not forgotten. THE END

THE NEW TOGETHERNESS

(Continued from page 27)

We also know something about the men. And we've found there's hardly a one who doesn't hold deep in his heart some happy memories of the women in his life.

And well they might. For women are helping them to build a new social pattern in a complex world. I recently read an article in which a famous anthropologist said, "For every society the most important problem is the division of its labor—who is to catch the fish, collect the refuse, climb the coconut trees, tend the fire, man the radar stations, vote at the polls, stay at home with the children or go to work at the office."

Our present society has been radically revising its point of view on many of these problems. As a result, what with one out of every three of them now bringing home a pay check, women today are helping to "catch the fish"—and men are often helping to clean and cook them! And this is all to the good, for it's all part of that new togetherness. Critics who have been dolefully warning that careers deprive wives of motherhood will be happy to know that while more and more wives have been going out and getting jobs, they have managed not only to have babies—but also to have more of them than ever before! And not only more first babies but also more second, third and fourth babies. And on top of that they have also found time for the even bigger job of growing up with their children.

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rid of those little meannesses, those hoarded little grudges, those nurtured little dislikes. They're such slowing-up, no-fun things—those dislikes. I know a man who's been cheating himself for years. He says he likes to sit in his back yard and "enjoy nature." He likes cardinals when their gay flash turns up. And he liked a little thrush that came to his yard last summer. But he doesn't like starlings. He doesn't like grackles. He doesn't like squirrels. He doesn't like rabbits. He doesn't—well, there are so many things he *doesn't* like that when he's out in his back yard "enjoying nature" he's actually pretty miserable.

You may know the story of the workman who kept complaining about the peanut-butter sandwiches he found in his lunchbox every day. Finally his companions asked him, "Why don't you get your wife to make you some other kind of sandwich?" To which the workman replied, "Who's got a wife? I make my own sandwiches." A lot of us are like that workman. Every day of our lives, in every gesture, in every word, we make our "sandwich." If I were to advise a young mother on how to start a personal growing-pains program, I'd tell her to make it a simply wonderful "sandwich" by having fun with her children, by loving them through every crisis, by sharing their hopes and problems and worries, by laughing and romping with them, by enjoying every single second she spends with them—and by growing up with them.

And in this connection I think I'd add something else. I'd tell her not to take her troubles too seriously. One of my greatest comforts came to me when I read in a modern version of the New Testament that line which formerly read, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The new version made it clearer for me. It says essentially, "Let the day's own troubles be sufficient for that day." Not tomorrow's problems, or next week's problems. Not, "Will my son get into college next year?" but rather, "What am I doing to make *this* day a happy and constructive one in his life?" Not, "Will my daughter find the right husband?" but, "What am I doing *right now* to develop her warmth, charm and character?"

There are so many together things the modern mother can do with her children. Cooking can be a together thing. And singing. And reading—don't let anything ever cheat you out of that wonderful togetherness. And television can be a together thing—for the mother who knows how to use it, and who doesn't go off and leave it to do her mothering for her. And Dad, instead of just watching a baseball game, can use it to instruct his son in what is

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going on, and in pointing out a player's skill, courage and coolness under fire. And there are other togethernesses. Do you pop corn together or feed the songbirds and keep a bird list on the window sill? Do you take walks through the woods together? Do you have your own family games that you play in the car? And, above all, do you pray together—saying grace at the table and family prayers at bedtime?

You can worry about juvenile delinquency—and you should. But responsible citizenship begins at home. It's contagious, like the measles. Our children catch it from us—or they catch the reverse. And any woman who wants to raise responsible children in this shifting world knows that, with God's help, the only way she can do it is to grow—every day, every hour, every minute—into a more responsible, more cheerful, less selfish, less complaining, less self-pitying person.

Some time ago I read an unforgettable line—"There are only two bequests we can leave our children. Roots. And wings." Can you think of anything more challenging than to give your children roots in such things as the true, deep faith which has stood our ancestors in such good stead through the generations? Or roots which will always guide your children in choosing between the true and the false, the just and the unjust, the things that matter and the things that don't? And wings! Can you imagine a greater joy than teaching a child how to soar into wider and still wider worlds of understanding—and of growing right along with that child, feeling in your heart all the while the power of his new roots, the strength of his new wings?

That's growing!

And when do you start growing? When you start asking yourself questions. What is my particular place in the world? Am I the kind of mother who builds my family up, or tears them down? Do neighborhood children often ring my doorbell—and if they don't, why don't they? Am I the first woman they call on in a community drive—or the last? Am I a part—a real heart-and-soul part—of my church? Or do I merely stand on the side lines, criticizing, bickering—and wondering why no one comes near me?

TAKE a good look at yourself. Ask yourself questions like these. And if the answers hurt—be happy. It will mean you've contracted growing pains. And since there's nothing better for pain than heat—how about warming yourself up? There's another good growing exercise. This is a big world—but it can sometimes be a cold and lonesome one. It can always use warmth—from friendly, human, understanding, out-

going people, from people who are too busy to waste time on their hurt feelings but who can always find time to share their warmth with others.

And how do you ignite this warmth? The other day my small daughter said to me, "I like little dogs—but I don't like the ladies who own them. When you smile at their little dogs, the ladies don't smile back." That's very important—smiling. And smiling back. It's one of the best ways to build bridges from one lonely world to another.

The next exercise on my growing-pains program is that one little word—think. By thinking up answers to your problems you can think yourself into being a bigger person. And you can teach your youngsters to do the same. Next time your child asks you, "What can I do?" reach for a piece of paper and say, "Let's make a list. You can wash the dog. Or feed the birds. Or bake a pan of brownies. Or play a record. Or read a book. Or write a



letter to a Japanese girl. Or pick some flowers for Grandma."

This making a list also works for adults. See how many things you can jot down that would bring a bit of happiness to your next-door neighbor. Or, to get closer to home, how many things can you jot down that would make your own husband happier? You've been a wife for quite a while. Maybe you haven't given it much thought lately. Could you, just for once, take that big leap some frosty morning and be the first to close the window and turn off the alarm? Could you make sure there are clean towels on the rack and dry soap in the soap dish and that the cap's on the toothpaste? Could you be sure that all the buttons are on his shirts and his socks are darned and breakfast's on the table and the coffee's bubbling hot and the bacon is crisp and you've bought his favorite jam? And could you listen—I mean really listen—when he talks to you about his job? Or find the right questions to start him talking? Could you come up at night with an unexpected milkshake, or maybe just an apple—which you've pared for him because he doesn't like the skin? And, above all, could you do all these things with-

out feeling like a martyr if he never notices them at all?

These are growing pains—the kind that lead to greater togetherness.

And how about the other people in your world? Have you recently tried really hard to understand someone else? Have you asked about anyone's children, or shared someone's problems? Have you saved up an interesting story for someone, or sent him a newspaper clipping that you know would be of assistance to him? And just how long is it since you have said to someone, "You're really wonderful!"

Being a thinker-upper has an astonishing number of uses. It can even take the boredom out of dish washing. For example, you can make a time-motion study of your dish washing to see how you can do the job better, faster and easier. Or you can use the time for thinking up ways to get rid of your household's "booby traps"—you know, those sliding rugs, those steep cellar stairs, that slippery bathtub. Or you can prop a poem up in front of you and memorize it. Or you can share the dishes with a child and listen to her hopes and problems. Or you can use the time for praying silently—a different prayer with every dish.

Check-up lists are fun too. Try one on your relationships. Today, was I a good wife, a good mother, good neighbor, good employer, good club member, good citizen? Did I reach out farther to become involved in mankind—write an appreciative note to an author, or register a protest with my Congressman, making my small voice heard in the land? For me, making a check-list is often like punching down dough. Press it down here, and it pops up there. The day I am a good citizen, I let the cookies burn. If I succeed in being a thoughtful daughter, I'm a flop as a mother. Last Sunday I managed to get my entire family off to church on time—and then forgot to turn on the oven for the roast. As I've been saying, a woman can always keep growing, can't she?

Religion is rich in check-up charts. Take that one in the Bible—"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Only as we grow toward maturity can we get a fuller insight into the depths, the riches, the inspiring demands of a check-up chart like that: "to do justly" with your children, your neighbors, your friends; to do your share of a group's work, to cheerfully carry your part of the family's problems. And to love mercy. "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," saith the Lord. Could we have ever guessed that we would grow into such a merciless generation—the mercilessness of a senior church woman to a

(Continued on page 79)

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Rev. Jacob Peltz

We plead with you for children in our Orphans Home to make their Christmas joyful. Needy brethren of our Lord in the Holy Land, in Europe and other places where our work extends are in distress. Pray for them this Christmas. Concentration Camps shattered the lives of many who lost all and now are elderly. Shall we forget them this Holy season? Send your gifts to help all these in distress as soon as possible and may God bless you.

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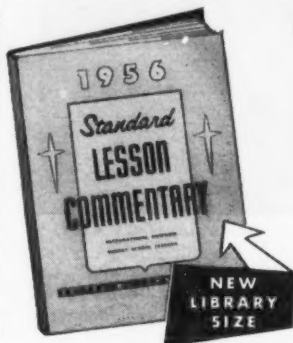
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7 HIS eloquent and extremely stirring film is based on one of the most tragic events of World War II—when the invading German armies ruthlessly tore families apart by executing innocent fathers, packing distraught mothers off to concentration camps and sending their children to war orphanages. In 1952 the world was painfully reminded of this inhumanity when the U. S. Court of the Allied Commission for Germany was called upon to consider the case of a Yugoslavian boy who had become displaced during the German invasion of his country. Legally adopted at the age of three from a war orphanage, the boy was given love and affection by a devoted German couple—when, suddenly at the age of ten, he was claimed by his mother who had finally managed to trace him with the assistance

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This unusual situation—with all its painful implications—provides the plot of this gripping film. Reaching a powerful climax in the decision which is finally handed down by the Commission's court, the film maintains dramatic tension by its implacable refusal to sentimentalize overwrought human emotions or to force the story's many poignant situations in an attempt to manufacture pathos. With unadorned sincerity and dignity it shows the tender happiness of the boy's tenth birthday party being cruelly crushed by the unexpected arrival of the I.R.O.'s representatives. It shows the Yugoslavian mother as she tells the court how, after her husband had been shot and her child had been taken from her, she was sent to a concentration camp—from which she finally

emerged to begin the long search for her missing son. It highlights the role of the foster mother who, when the Russians imprisoned her husband, willingly undertook enormous sacrifices for the sake of her adopted child. And, most touching of all, it portrays the sensitive understanding and profound sympathy which the two mothers have for each other.

As a story of the nobility of which simple people are capable, even under extreme duress, this is a film which should remain for a long time in the memories of its audiences. And as a scathing indictment of war, it should prove to be one of the most impressive documents to have crossed the screen in recent years. Produced by the J. Arthur Rank Organization. Released by Republic Pictures Corporation.

Family

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ **OTHER CURRENT FILMS**

Audience Suitability Ratings:
A—Adults; Y—Young People;
F—Family

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except where so stated, these reviews are not to be construed as endorsements either of specific films or of movie-going in general. They are for the guidance of readers who attend motion pictures, not inducements to those who do not. The "suitability" classification, moreover, is no guarantee the film is flawless; it is merely a guide.

Films starred (★) are of exceptional merit.

(★) **THE AFRICAN LION** (Walt Disney Studios). In this latest edition in the Disney True-Life Adventure series, the camera has made a remarkable photographic record not only of the life of the lion, but also of the many unusual animals to be found on the high plateau country of Africa. The photography was done by a husband-and-wife team of experts—Alfred

✕ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
and Elma Milotte—who traveled through Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda and Zululand in an exhaustive picture-taking safari. Technicolor. **F**

(★) **TO HELL AND BACK** (Universal-International). This is the war story of Audie Murphy, the most decorated soldier in American history, who stars in this film version of his autobiography of the same title. Born into an impoverished sharecropper family, Audie, at 18, joined the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
American Army in World War II. In only 30 months, during which he fought in five theaters of war, this five-foot-five, 112-pound soldier was promoted from a Pfc to a company commander and received a total of twenty-four decorations—including the Congressional Medal of Honor, which he was awarded when singlehandedly he repulsed an attack by six German tanks and two companies of infantry. An authentic, action-packed story of one of the most astonishing figures in military annals. Technicolor and CinemaScope. **A, Y**

(★) **THE DESPERATE HOURS** (Paramount). A gripping melodrama of the tense hours in which a family is forced to play "host" to three escaped convicts. Having broken out of jail in order to take murderous revenge on the police officer who originally arrested their leader, the convicts take up temporary headquarters in the family's suburban home where they

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keep the members in a state of terrified anxiety. Frederic March, as the courageous father whose home has been invaded, and Humphrey Bogart, as the convicts' leader, achieve excellent portrayals in one of the most exciting stories to hit the screen in years. VistaVision. **A, older Y**

THE GENTLE SERGEANT (Columbia). The true story of Master Sergeant Hugh O'Reilly, who spent three years fighting—and personally hating—the Japanese. Subsequently stationed in Tokyo, O'Reilly fell in love with and eventually married a young Japanese girl interpreter. How this man overcame his hatred of his enemies—to the point where he got his regiment to raise funds for the building of a Japanese orphanage—makes an interesting and heart-warming story. Filmed in Japan, the story is enriched by episodes which reveal Japanese customs. **A, Y**

THE BAR SINISTER (MGM). Adapted from the classic story by Richard Harding Davis, this comedy-drama concerns an amazing bull terrier, "Wildfire," whose meteoric career begins in the lowly Bowery of New York. CinemaScope and Eastman Color. **F**

SIMBA (J. Arthur Rank presentation. Lippert Pictures release). A tense drama of the white African farmers in Kenya and the rebellious native Mau Maus. In Eastman Color. **A, Y**

BLOOD ALLEY (Warners). A thrilling melodrama in which an entire Chinese village, under the leadership of an American merchant-marine officer, manages to escape from a Russian-dominated island to the safety of Hong Kong. WarnerColor and CinemaScope. **A, Y**

SEVEN CITIES OF GOLD (20th Century-Fox). Against the background of the conquest of California by the Spanish in the eighteenth century, this semi-historical drama tells of the Roman Catholic missionary, Junipero Serra, and his founding of the San Diego mission. De Luxe Color and CinemaScope. **A, Y**

THE MCCONNELL STORY (Warners). This somewhat sentimentalized portrait of a war hero is based on the true life story of Capt. Joseph McConnell, Jr., who, in the Korean war, was the first American flyer to become a triple-jet ace—and who then met an untimely death while testing a new jet in this country. Alan Ladd and June Allyson are starred. CinemaScope and WarnerColor. **F**

THE SECOND GREATEST SEX (Universal). This fast-moving musical comedy, laid in the 1880's, is based on the legend of Lysistrata in which the women of Greece threatened to remain apart from their husbands until the men agreed to stop their absurd wars. Technicolor and CinemaScope. **A**

THE QUEEN BEE (Columbia). A social drama in which an amoral and beautiful woman, having ruled her home with a selfish and dominating hand, finally brings tragedy on herself and those close to her. **A**

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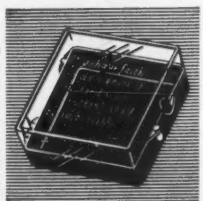
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C. E. Still on Top

TO THE EDITORS:

The special article on Christian Endeavor (Oct.) is very well done and timely. You have performed valuable service to the Kingdom by carrying this specific news.

For two and one-half years I served as advisor to the Youth Council of the Detroit Council of Churches and for two years served as an Assistant to the Minister of one of our United Presbyterian churches, also was in charge of Christian Education; for three years I have served as a member of our Presbyterian Church U.S.A. Synod Committee on Christian Education. All of these experiences have made it possible to know what is current in the general educational program and specifically, in youth activity.

I believe if a study were made in Protestant church life we would find that we have suffered distinct losses with the rise of the "denominational youth fellowship" pattern. There are basic dynamics in Christian Endeavor which are not found in current denominational youth programs.
Detroit, Mich. ERNEST S. MARKS

Right or Wrong?

TO THE EDITORS:

Your presentation of the "Right-to-Work" laws (Sept.), is indeed timely and open-minded, in that it affords equal space to both sides. For this I think you deserve the highest commendation. Never has a more forceful statement been made than that by William Graver, when he advocates that unions would do well to get busy and sell the prospects on the benefits of joining and then live up to the standard so blatantly sounded by them as "hard-won gains." Edward Falkowski makes a clear bid to class warfare when he insinuates that all that the employers of the country are engaged in is suppressing the dignity of the worker, and that the union alone sees to it that the employer dignifies his workers!

Summerfield, Ill. MICHAEL E. SMITH

. . . I do not say that labor is always right, but unions have done more good for more people in and out of unions than any secular or fraternal order in the land.

Mr. Graver may have had a raw deal, which could happen in any organization where the human element rules, and he feels he has an ax to grind. In the beginning all unions were good, and if some are bad now, that is because good union members neglected to attend meetings

and vote to keep them good. As a nation we waged a war to compel all states to be and remain members of one union of states. Ben Franklin said, "We must all hang together or surely we shall all hang separately."

C. RICHARD SUTHERLAND

St. Paul, Minn.

. . . Membership in present-day unions where membership is compulsory does not give the employee a voice in how he shall work, but gives the union officers the right to dictate how he shall work. I am not the only employee who has seen threats and intimidation exercised by union officers against members; or seen secret ballots thrown out because the members chose not to strike as the officers desired. And I am not the only salesman who has seen union officials buy cheap merchandise from establishments who refuse to hire union labor.

The phrase "social action" within a church really means "political action," and the leaders of such movements are merely trying to attach the authority and power of the church to their secular movements.

Wilmington, Del. KARL E. BRANDT

. . . As for the church sitting by, criticizing labor unions, while the workers had no support of the church except old clothes and hand-outs, we have to remember the words of the Master, make friends of Mammon that when they put you out you will have some place to go.

Seymour, Tenn. REV. C. A. DAVIS

● That's Luke 16:9 that Reader Davis is referring to.

Objectionable Movie

TO THE EDITORS:

A magazine review of the movie, "The Night of the Hunter," said: "The voices of children singing hymns make a wonderful musical background for a movie concerned with murder, fanaticism, avarice, hypocrisy, and the frightening of little children. . . . Having a motherly voice tell Sunday-school stories from time to time is also effective. . . . These and other devices give this picture many moments of originality." Can't some protest be made against such sacrilege? To feature the clergy in such a role and to utilize the songs and stories associated with the Sunday school demands a strong rebuke by Christians everywhere.

Kankakee, Ill. MRS. HAROLD REED

● This movie was reviewed in our November issue and listed as objectionable.

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TOGETHERNESS

(Continued from page 75)

young and timid junior, the mercilessness of even a good mother to her children, the mercilessness of gossip, of race to race and class to class? Mercy is something we can use a lot of. So sit down sometime and run a check up on yourself for just one day—on how justly you have acted, on how well you have loved mercy, on how humbly you have walked with your God.

Just the other day I was thinking of the three Bible verses which have been so richly important in my life. They all begin with the word "whatsoever." The first—which I learned from my mother, and have tried to pass on to my children—has a lot to do with this business of growing. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Carry that thought through one day, and what a day it will be. For me, "whatsoever" means everything from turning on the stove for breakfast to turning off the lights before going to bed at night. And "with thy might" means giving everything you do that extra something—extra care with those sunnyside eggs, extra love in the lunchbox, extra help with the homework.

THEN there is the "whatsoever" which, if we faithfully practiced its precepts, would fill our days with peace in this not too peaceful world—"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

And finally there is what I have always believed is the greatest "whatsoever" of them all—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That one line alone can provide you with a life's work. It can be a constructive and dynamic growing pain that can stimulate and challenge you to the very last day of your life. For if you think it through you'll see that you cannot do unto others—your family, your friends, your neighbors, your associates—what you would that they should do to you without putting yourself, completely and positively, in their positions. To do this is to understand them. And to understand them is to admire them, to forgive them, to love them—and to see that they, like you, are eager for the brotherhood that is to be found in the hearts of all men.

Think about these three whatsoevers. Use them in rearing your children—and yourself—in a new togetherness.

Remember—it's always good growing . . . weather! **THE END**

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that your gift-investment will be working "*For Christ and His Kingdom*" far beyond your own lifetime... that you are having an active share in the training of young men and women for Christian life and service... in addition to the financial benefits provided by a Wheaton Annuity Contract.

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Below we list examples of the Annual Income you'll receive for each \$1,000 invested in Wheaton Annuities:

FEMALE	Annual Income	MALE	Annual Income
Age 71	\$60.31	Age 71	\$65.83
Age 76	65.83	Age 76	71.38
Age 81	71.38	Age 81	79.91

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Christ
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